Vol. XCIV.—No. 1228

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS: Photographs in Colour.

The BYSTANDER

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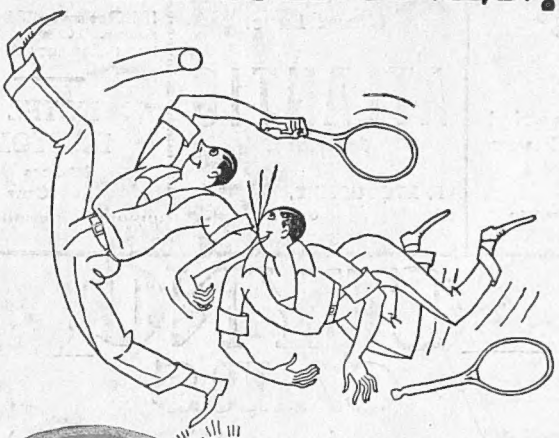

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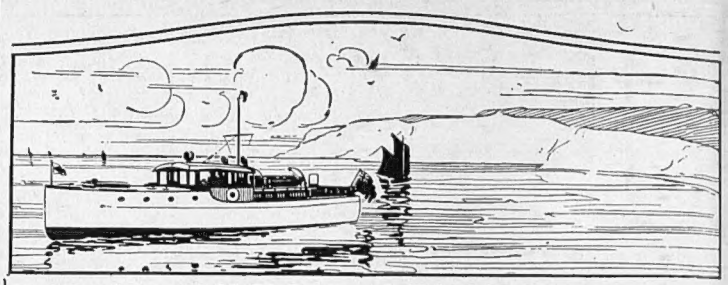

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The BYSTANDER

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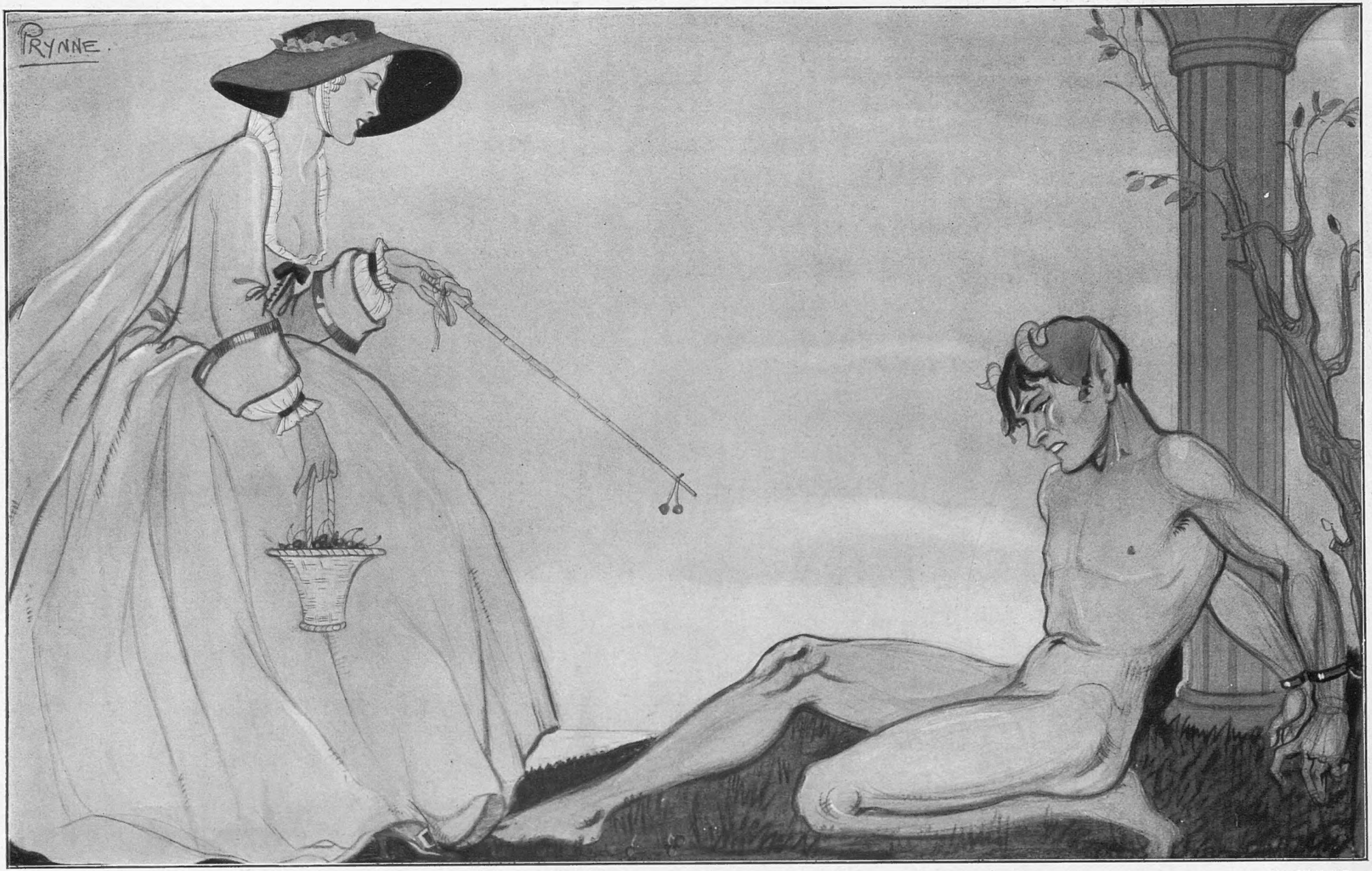
A HAPPY RETURN



BY PRYNNE

THE CAPTIVE FAUN

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Busy Week

THE problem with which many people were faced last week was how to cover the multitude of things there were to do and to be seen. What with the Horse Show at Olympia—where the King George V Gold Cup was won for the fifth time by France—tennis at Wimbledon, cricket at Lord's, polo at Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton, afternoon parties and dances by the dozen, *plus* luncheon and dinner-parties, everybody was particularly "full of busy."

A JUNE MARRIAGE *Bassano*

The bride and bridegroom with their retinue photographed after the wedding of the Hon. Charles Fitzroy, Lord Southampton's heir, and Miss Margaret Drake, daughter of Prebendary and Mrs. Drake, of Paignton. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Ismay Fitzroy, Miss Cecily Drake, Miss Nance Llewellyn, Miss Marylee Pilkington, Miss Janet Crawley and Miss Mollie Maturin, the trainbearers Miss Audrey and Miss Barbara Drake and Miss Charmian McKerrell-Brown and the best man Mr. Walter Sale

Then there were the two last Courts at which the Queen, as always, was the central and dazzling figure, and the King and Queen's drive along Regent Street to open, as it were, that practically completed thoroughfare of shopping palaces on their way to inaugurate the centenary celebrations of University College.

Each day, too, all the members of the Royal Family had public engagements, and the Prince of Wales dined one night at the French Embassy. A brilliant week, which would have been all the more enjoyable if the weather had been more kindly.

Quick Pictures

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Sir Robert Black, only son of the late Sir Robert James Black, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Ivy Wilson, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Samuel Wilson and Lady Wilson. The wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton

A RECENT WEDDING *Vandyk*

A photograph of the wedding group after the marriage between the Hon. John Bethell, elder son of Lord and Lady Bethell, and Miss Veronica Connolly, second daughter of Sir James and Lady Connolly. The wedding took took place at Brompton Oratory

A Difficult Problem

SPEAKING of the Courts, I hear that the powers that be are seriously considering whether some arrangement can be made by which the long queueing-up of motors in the Mall can be avoided.

People arrive earlier and earlier in the Mall, all anxious to get into the Throne Room and thus see the brilliant spectacle of the Court until it comes to their turn to pass the presence. With each Court, too, the

AT THE JUNE COURTS

Some of the ladies who were presented at Their Majesties' third and fourth Courts of the Season last week. At these two Courts the list of débutantes was even longer than at the two earlier ones

Bassano

THE MISSES DODIE AND JOAN HUDSON

Vandyk

MISS BRIDGET HARBORD

Lafayette

MISS McARTHUR ONSLOW

Vandyk

MRS. CHARLES DEWEY

crowds of sightseers increase, and now chars-à-bancs come up specially from the outer suburbs and from even farther away, bringing hundreds more to gaze upon the befeathered matrons and maids sitting in the long line of motors.

It is not pleasant to be stared at for three hours—or longer if you are in the first flight of cars—as if you were a new strange animal just arrived at the Zoo, by an endless procession of people. But it doesn't end with staring. Some of them mount the footboards of the cars in order to get a better view. More venturesome souls, apparently thinking this waiting is for their especial benefit, actually open the doors. Their comments, too, both favourable and adverse, are anything but *sotto voce* confidences. They can be heard for yards around.

There is a general feeling that this peep-show business belittles the dignity of the Courts, and for this reason, so I understand, arrangements are under consideration for next year by which the time of waiting will be considerably shortened.

Practical Joking

PRACTICAL jokes when they affect the individual may be in good or bad taste—that depends on people's point of view. But when a practical joke—in this instance I should prefer to call it a vulgar trick—causes distress and a tiresome publicity to a whole family, as in the case of the bogus invitations sent out to the Kylsant wedding, some sort of punishment is clearly called for. But the trouble is: what punishment can be given? So far as one can judge, the senders of the mock invitations did not place themselves within reach of the law, therefore the announcement that the police are still making enquiries seems to have little point.

Some years ago, you will remember, a band of "bright" youths, masquerading as an Eastern potentate and his attendants, were received with due honours on a British man-of-war. When the cheat was discovered some of the officers of the ship determined to find the masqueraders. Having run them to earth, they offered the alternative of a police-court prosecution for obtaining food and drink under false pretences or a sound beating apiece with a leather strap or a dirk scabbard—I forget which. The masqueraders took the second alternative, and the punishment was duly administered, and, if I remember rightly, at a house in the Cromwell Road.

"All is Forgiven"

BUT, dear me, how very old-fashioned these new "Bright Young Things" are, with their pouring of petrol on the Thames and elsewhere and then setting it alight! Practical joking was a popular form of amusement in the days of their great-grandfathers, but in those times petrol wasn't invented, so riverside clubs and moated manor houses didn't run the risk of being burnt to a cinder. In those days, and later, practical joking affected the individual. It has been left for this generation to make practical joking the possibility of wholesale destruction and the cause of distress and trouble to whole families.

Speaking of practical jokes against the individual

reminds me of a story of the late Mr. Christopher Sykes. He was entertaining an august personage at his house, Brantingham Thorpe, in Yorkshire. On going to his bedroom to dress for dinner a jugful of water descended on his head, and, tripping over a cord stretched across the doorway, he went headlong into a saucer bath filled to the brim with cold water. Shrieks of laughter from the corridor showed him that his august guest was in the "joke."

Christopher Sykes was so angry that, after undressing and drying himself, he packed a bag and went off to London. Two days passed, and no sign of Christopher! The situation was awkward—an august guest and no host. On the third morning this appeared in the Agony column of *The Times*:—"Christopher, come back. All is forgiven."

He went back.

Lawn Tennis and Charity

I am particularly asked to remind you that the lawn tennis exhibition matches which Lady Wavertree gives every years at Sussex Lodge, in Regent's Park, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, will take place on Monday, July 4. The players will include Miss Helen Wills, Señorita de Alvarez, Mrs. Godfree, Miss Ryan, Mr. Tilden, M. Lacoste, and M. Borotra. You can get your tickets (25*s.* each, including tea), from Lady Wavertree, Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park, or from Lady Fripp, 10, Portland Place. This is the seventh year the matches have been held.

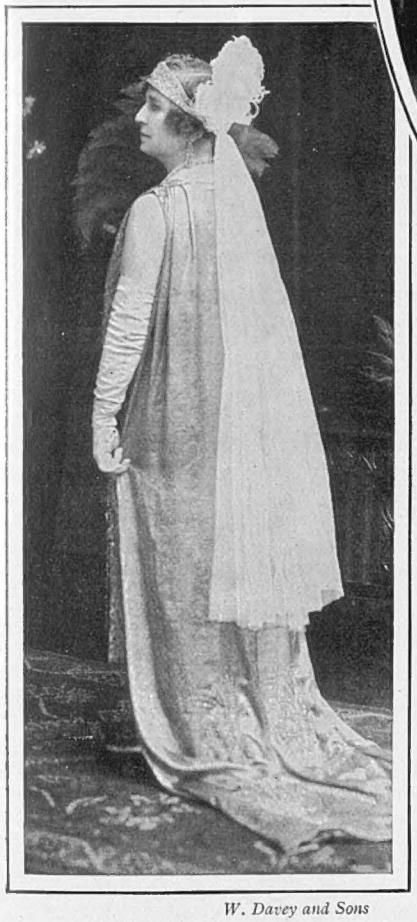
Lady Wavertree is a keen tennis player herself. Lord Wavertree, who received his peerage the year after the War, was a son of the late Sir Andrew Walker, the immensely wealthy brewer, who gave the Walker Art Gallery to Liverpool.

Lafayette

MISS EILEEN GREGORY

Lafayette

MISS VENETIA DORMER



W. Davey and Sons

MRS. F. C. MACASKIE

Modernity Up to Date

A Thursday was the day fixed for a damsel's wedding. On the Tuesday evening she received a telephone message from her chief bridesmaid asking if they could play a round of golf together at Roehampton on Thursday morning!

"I should have been delighted," was the chilly answer, "only I happen to be getting married that day, and I thought you were going to be No. 1 bridesmaid."

"Oh, I hadn't forgotten that," came over the wire, "but I thought a round of golf beforehand would buck you up for all the fuss afterwards."

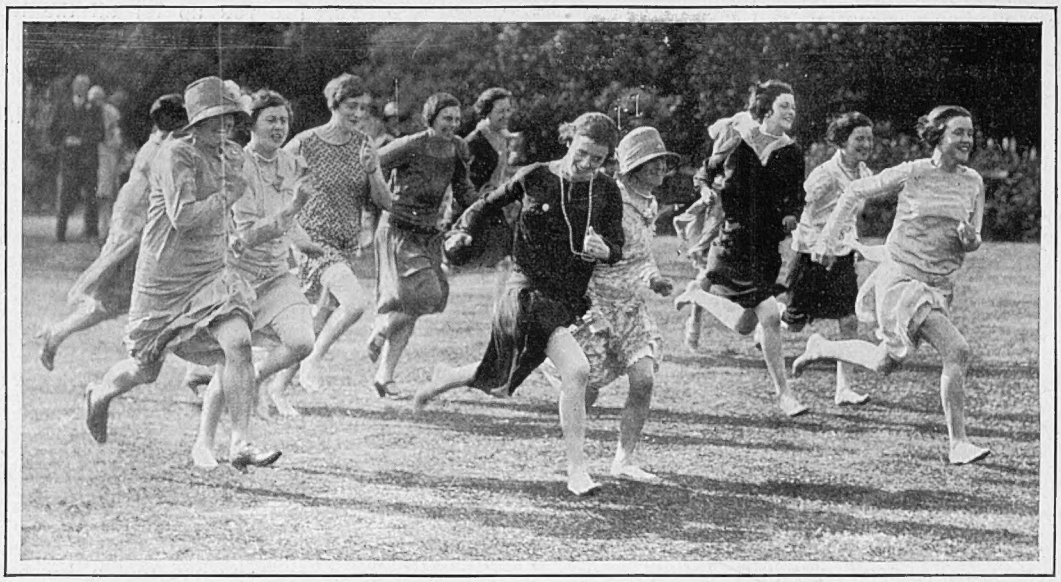
Concerning Titles

Your Bystander has been especially interested in the Marquess of Ely's public announcement that no one save his son has the right to call himself Viscount Loftus. The reason for my interest is that towards the end of last year I received a letter from an Italian friend who was not conversant with the rules—most difficult for foreigners to grasp—that apply to the courtesy titles of the sons of English peers.

This Italian lady said she had met a Viscount Augustus Loftus, and could your Bystander tell her anything about him. I replied that the title of Viscount, followed by a Christian name and a family surname, did not exist in England; that the only person entitled to use the courtesy title of Viscount Loftus was the Marquess of Ely's son. I said further, that the only possible explanation of such a title was that some member of the Loftus family might have been made a Portuguese Viscount. In

Lafayette

LADY DAVIS-GOFF AND MISS DOREEN DAVIS-GOFF



Pathé Pictures

"AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS"

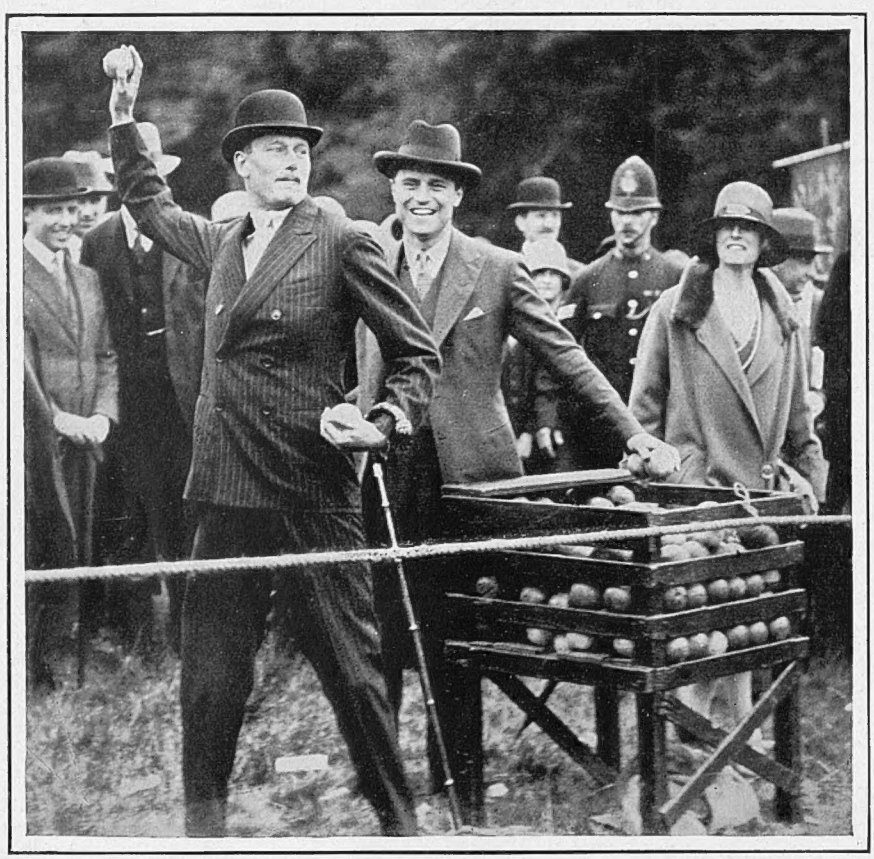
Mrs. C. A. Bendix defeating Lady Ossulston in the Mothers' Race at the St. Dunstan's Sports. Run in stockinged feet, the event provided a welcome example of the natural *joie de vivre* of the modern mother as compared with the artificial stateliness of the mid-Victorian "dear mama"

Portugal, the title of Visconde is—or used to be—borne by younger sons, prefixed to their Christian name.

Choose Your Title

THAT was that. Apparently the gentleman styling himself Viscount Augustus Loftus dropped the Augustus, and appeared with his wife at a diplomatic reception as Viscount and Viscountess Loftus. Naturally, Lord Ely protested. The gentleman about whom I received the inquiry has now stated to newspaper reporters at some length that he is the son of the fourth Marquess of Ely and is Lord Augustus Loftus.

If he were the son of the fourth Marquess, as Lord Ely himself points out, he would be Marquess of Ely. If he is a son on the wrong side of the blanket he can bear no courtesy title. There's no possible question about it. If this gentleman who has given himself the three names of Viscount Loftus, Viscount Augustus Loftus, and Lord Augustus Loftus, chose to give himself any other title there's nothing in English law which can prevent him doing so.



Topical

"SHIE," BUT NOT SHY

Prince Henry entering wholeheartedly into "all the fun of the fair" during his recent visit to the Fresh Air Fund Headquarters at Loughton. A large party of poor children were being entertained on the day of his visit

You and I, my dear people, could call ourselves Lord This and Lady That to-morrow, and the law could do nothing. The only point where the law steps in is when the annexors of false titles run up bills under the name of the sham title, and don't pay. Then they can be had up for getting goods under false pretences.

"The Tempest" at Oxford

THE Committee of the O.U.D.S. spends an anxious three weeks during the rehearsals of the summer play, for a production which has been designed for the open air cannot be turned indoors if the weather be wet and left to look after itself. Costumes, grouping, gestures—all parts of the show have been planned on

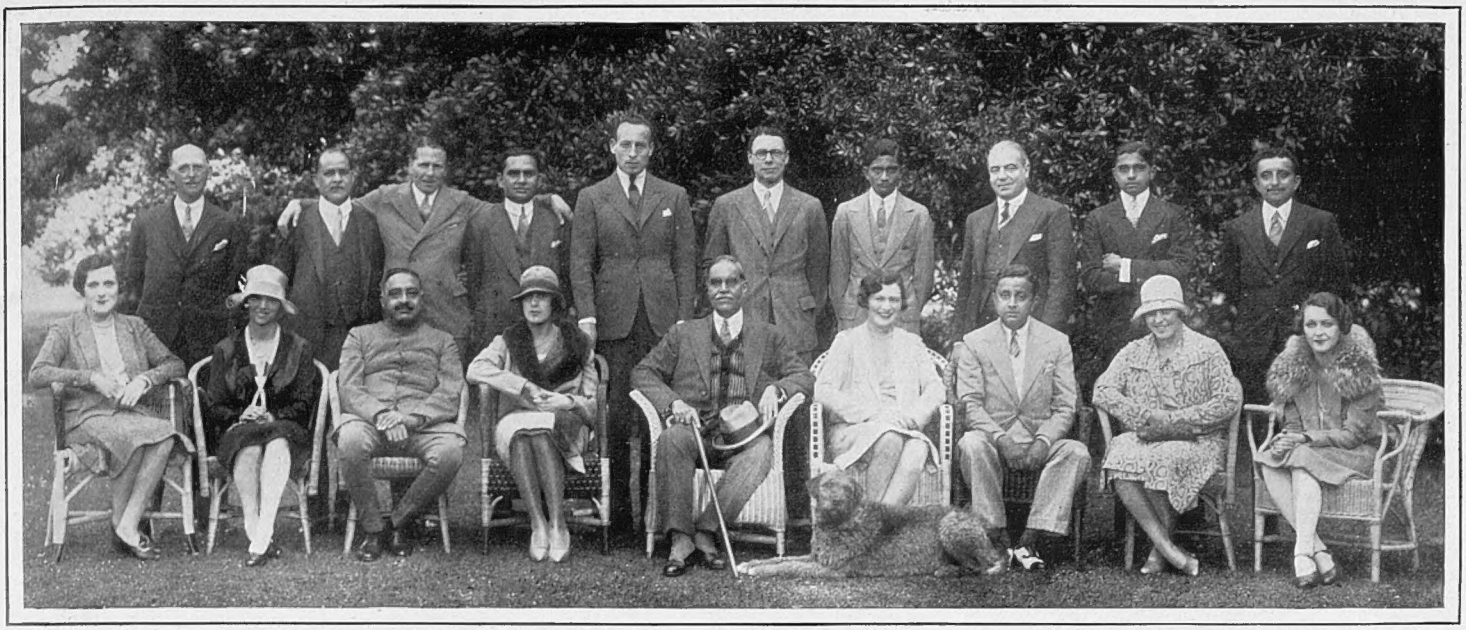
Central News

A COLD—AND WARM—WELCOME

Lady du Maurier, at the back, and some willing helpers at the recent Theatrical Garden Party at the Royal Botanical Gardens. Visitors found it impossible to resist ice-cream sodas when offered with such warm smiles

the big scale, and must be considerably altered to fit the stage of the Oxford Playhouse, where the O.U.D.S. seeks shelter if its outdoor site stands under several inches of rain. And up till the last minute nobody knows whether it will be possible to play out of doors. So you see what an agony of expectation the players must endure at each performance.

Fortunately, this does not seem to affect individual performances, and the actors strutted and shouted as if they had never heard the word "rain," and as if they did not realise quite clearly that with the first drop of moisture the audience would melt into air even quicker than the sprites at Prospero's bidding. Julian Hall seemed quite at home amid the hair and beard of Prospero, and even his drooping moustaches refused to be shaken off by the orgy of chin-wagging which he was forced to deliver. The undergraduette Miranda, Miss Molly Blissett, fulfilled all expectations, and her Ferdinand, David Farrer, experienced no difficulty in stealing several hearts among the audience in addition to that of Miranda. The court party achieved the right effect of all Shakespearian court parties—that of making one appreciate the menials, particularly as interpreted by the President



A HOUSE PARTY AT WINDSOR *Vandyk*

A group taken at Manor Cottage, Windsor, the new official English residence of the Maharaja of Rajpipla. The photograph shows (sitting): Miss Ella Thompson, Mrs. Hunt, H.H. the Raj Saheb of Wankaner, Mrs. Holley, H.H. the Maharaja of Kapurthala, Miss Thompson, H.H. the Maharaja of Rajpipla, Mrs. Douglas and Miss Howley. Standing are: Mr. Hunt, Mr. Roy, Dr. Douglas, Mr. Dass, Mr. Crossbie, Mr. Daniels, a member of the Raj Saheb of Wankaner's suite, Mr. Hollander, the Maharaj Kumar of Wankaner and Mr. Kothavala

and Robin Price. Hugh Barnes, veteran of Oxford journalists, made a companionable bogy of Caliban, and Gerald Norman's grotesque Ariel was as different as possible from the frolicsome little lady who is usually entrusted with the lyrics.

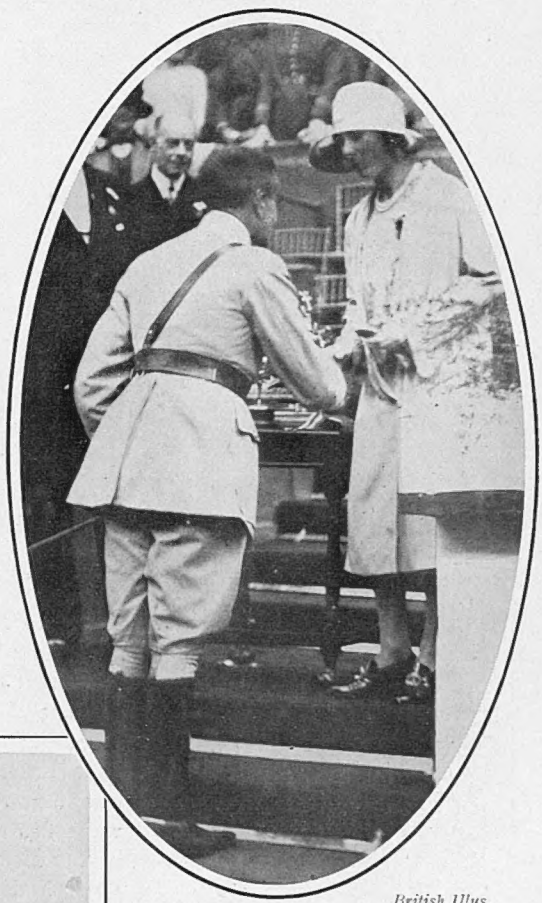
The "Controversial" Side

So the superior persons among you, dear Bystanders, will find a "controversial" Ariel, and the rest of you will find plenty to argue about in the special incidental music, and the special costumes designed by Paddy Bagallay (of the Club), and the special weather with which in either extreme you are sure to be favoured. In fact, you had better see the show for yourselves, and then you'll even be able to argue about this criticism. And that will be the best fun of all, won't it?

The Last Court of the Season

The last Court of the Season was more crowded than any of its three predecessors. As I told you in May, so many applications for presentation and attendance were made that a considerable number had to be refused. But wherever it was possible the names of those who wished to make presentations were placed on a supplemental list, and they were informed that if the opportunity occurred they would receive a summons. This supplemental list, I fancy, accounted for the unusually large attendance last Wednesday.

Earlier in these pages I told you I had heard some arrangement was to be made next year to prevent the unwelcome attentions of the crowd to the occupants of the motors in the Mall waiting for the Palace doors to be opened. On Wednesday an experiment was tried which the ladies with your Bystander found very successful. Instead of the motors being drawn up to the kerb, a space was left sufficiently wide for a mounted policeman to ride up and down the line between the motors and the crowd. Policemen on foot also walked to and fro. It was thus impossible for anyone to leave the footpath or approach the cars, mount the footboard, or open the doors.



British Illus.

AN OLYMPIA WINNER

Princess Mary presenting the King George V Trophy to Lieutenant Bizard, of the French Army, at the International Horse Show. On his bay mare, Quinine, Lieutenant Bizard rode a faultless round

Sport and General

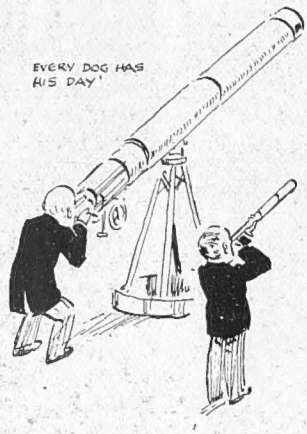
THE "PITMEN'S DERBY"

Mr. A. Hood's Border Minstrel (T. Weston up) winning the Northumberland Plate at the Newcastle Summer Meeting. H.H. the Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawanagar's Ballynahinch and Captain S. Riley Lord's Athos were second and third

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Cool Customers

EVERY dog has his day, and the scientists are taking their toll of the latest eclipse of the sun, due to-morrow morning—unless, of course, you are one of those cool, phlegmatic customers who wait until Wednesday for your BYSTANDER, in which event this great natural phenomenon is already a thing of the past.



Mere Astronomers

I LIKE to see the scientists getting their share of the limelight for once. These excellent men labour unceasingly for our good, and very little is heard of their activities. Should a chorus lady get married all England rings with the news, but a mere astronomer might swallow a couple of telescopes and no one would care. All wrong, of course, but that is the way the world wags, and all the talking in the world won't alter it.

Flying to the Moon

WHICH makes it all the more surprising that the papers have devoted so much space to this solar eclipse. Am I wrong in supposing that this is not the first occasion in my recollection on which the moon has cast its shadow on the face of the sun? But when has there been such a clamour of explanation and advice as during the past few weeks? Possibly the aeroplane has brought us into closer touch with the stellar bodies, and the knowledge that we may one day fly to the moon gives us an added interest in its movements.

Greyhound Racing

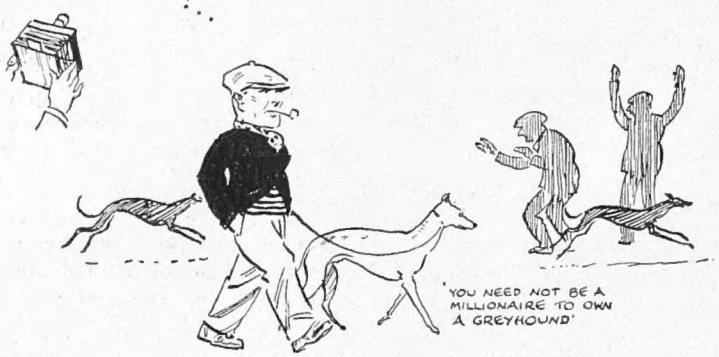
BEING in Manchester during the early days of the greyhound racing boom I was not unprepared for the enthusiasm with which London has taken to the new sport. But isn't there a danger that some of the promoters of tracks may burn their fingers before they have finished? Following the opening at the White City comes the purchase of the Wembley Stadium for the same purpose, and I don't suppose for a moment that it will stop there. Somewhere in the wilds of Kensington is the open space on which the Earl's Court Exhibition used to stand. That would be a nice central site. And what of Alexandra Park and the Crystal Palace?

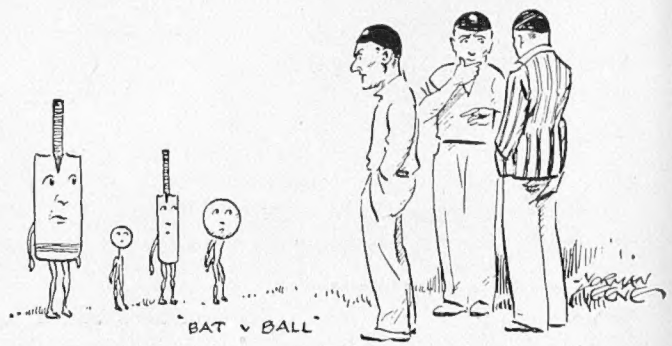
Poor Man's Sport

GREYHOUND racing is essentially the poor man's sport. You need not be a millionaire to own a greyhound, and the fact that the sport is conducted in the evening will ensure the support of those sons of toil who can only get to Hurst Park or Kempton on a Saturday afternoon. Real coursing need never fear the competition of the mechanical hare, but how many of us can spend a happy day on the South Downs when the long dogs are out and about?

Familiar Palaces

EVERYTHING points to Wembley being a hive of activity in the very near future. Passing through it on the occasion of the last Cup Final one was chilled by the scenes of desolation everywhere apparent, but when to this business of greyhound racing is added the regular manufacture of movie pictures we need not fear that its familiar





palaces will engage the attentions of the housebreaker for some time to come. I imagine that our serial story writers are watching the raising of this later Hollywood with a good deal of interest. What a setting for full-blooded *feuilletons* when most of the existing possibilities have been so thoroughly explored and exploited!

Bat *v.* Ball

THE sporting Jeremiahs were quite sure that cricket was dead owing to the way in which the bat was beating the ball on each and every occasion. Even the smaller ball had not brought relief, and we had almost decided to put up the shutters at Lord's and the Oval—when down came the rain! And what did we find on the very first afternoon? Yorkshire all out for 81, Northants all out for 92, Nigel Haig taking 7 wickets for 33. Not much need to alter the Rules of Cricket now—unless, of course, there is an outcry for covered wickets and bigger bats!

The House in the Square

MY daily walk to Fleet Street takes me through a famous West End Square, and in that square is a house before which I pause and to which I raise my hat. The policeman on duty at the corner, and an elderly lady who lives at this house, both think that I am mad, but as I do not betray homicidal tendencies they have not combined to place me under restraint.

An Interesting Survival

THE reason for my strange behaviour is that the outside of the house is gay with pink geraniums, while all the other houses are drab and lifeless. Before the War it was a pleasant custom to deck the front of your London home with flowers, but during the years of crisis most of the window-boxes disappeared and they have not since been replaced, until, to-day, they present such a sight unusual enough to draw comments.

By David Wilson

PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE "SUN OF SOCIALISM"

Hymn Plugging

RECENTLY I remarked on the fact that while the churches remain sparsely patronised we are all learning to sing hymns in the open. That is all to the good, but there is already a tendency to over-do it. The modern musical comedy "plugs" a song until, in a few weeks, we become heartily sick of it. I hope this will not be the fate of the grand old hymn that is now met with at every turn. Three times in one day I have been invited to sing "Abide With Me," until I am beginning to have too much of a good thing.

University Athletics

IT has always been a matter for regret that the University of London which, in point of numbers, is the largest in the Empire, does not possess a stronger corporate life, and those who have studied the point have agreed that this was largely due to the lack of a University Sports Ground. It has been an open secret that the Senate have been moving in the matter, and it is gratifying to know that their efforts are bearing fruit at last. A Fund is being raised which has already reached quite respectable proportions, and there is little doubt that the effort will be crowned by the success it deserves.

A Ground Has Been Found

ONE obvious need is a convenient centre where cricket and football can be played and the public invited to witness representative matches with other Universities. Such a ground has been found at Motspur Park, and the scheme also includes a University Boat House at Chiswick.

The Garden Party

LAST week's Theatrical Garden Party was rather spoiled by rain, but here is a word of warning for the consideration of the hon. organisers. The general public do not roll up as they should, and there is a tendency to blame them for the fact that most of the money taken comes from the pockets of members of the Profession. The fault, I think, lies with the actors and actresses who, in recent years, have failed to put up real attractions, but depend on easy devices to collect the maximum amount with the minimum effort.

Keeping it Dark

THE Wimbledon authorities are certainly right in considering their public to the extent of putting on a proportion of what promises to be big "gallery" matches on courts other than the centre and No. 1. Where they go wrong is in forgetting that the public at Wimbledon forms only a very small percentage of the lawn tennis enthusiasts of the country who rely on the Press reports for their impressions of the championships. Quite a few times this year conscientious writers who have tried to get a view of some important match have been unable to do so owing to the fact that, no Press seats being available in the free stands, they could not get a glimpse of the play. The authorities should grasp the fact that it is not only a few journalists who are the sufferers, but hundreds of thousands of readers the world over who are thereby deprived of any description of an interesting match.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*

Manton Changes

NATURALLY the racing world is intensely interested in the important changes impending in the Manton stable. I do not think I am wrong in saying that Alec Taylor is by general assent the head of his profession in this country. He has had a marvellous record of success, and his retirement will make a gap which cannot be easily filled. It is satisfactory to know that he will still be associated with the Manton stable in the capacity of adviser. His successor as trainer there will be Joseph Lawson. I am glad this appointment has been decided upon, for Lawson has been Taylor's right hand man for many years, and in every respect is well qualified to take over the heavy responsibilities of the establishment. I wish him every success in his new position.

A Famous Stable

THE Manton property, which extends to considerably more than 2,000 acres, has been in the market practically since the death of Lord Manton, who unhappily did not live long to enjoy his proprietorship of the place. He was able, however, to effect sundry notable improvements there. For example, he built a splendid house for the accommodation of the stable lads. Until that time, I believe, the boys at Manton had slept over the stables, an old-fashioned arrangement rather typical of the conservative lines on which the establishment was run. Lord Manton went to further great expense in installing an electric lighting plant for his property.

Wonderful Downs

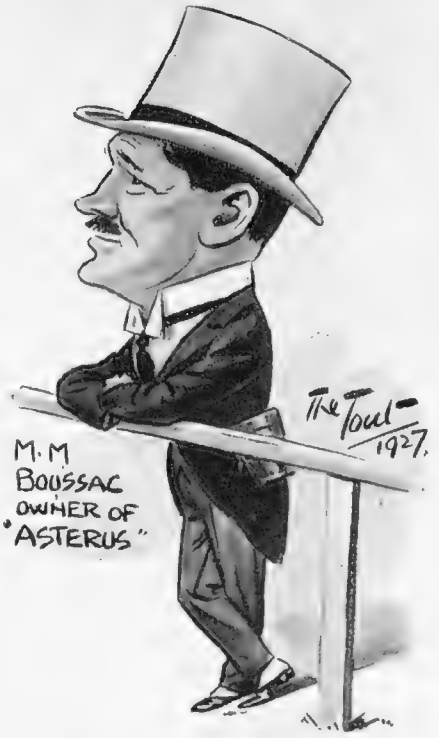
I HAVE several times had the privilege of going over the Downs on which Alec Taylor has trained a vast number of winners. The gallops cannot be surpassed in any other quarter. The new owners of the property are Messrs. Tattersall, the partners of which are Mr. Somerville Tattersall and Mr. Gerald Deane. Both are keen sportsmen who are anxious that the Manton establishment should continue to live up to its finest traditions. It is satisfactory to all racegoers to know that the stable will still be conducted on its old lines, and Lord Astor and most of the other owners who have been associated with it will still have their horses there.

Dobson Peacock

SOMETHING of the position which Alec Taylor has filled in the South of England is occupied by Dobson Peacock in the North. He is undoubtedly the leading trainer in Yorkshire, and no stable has a greater following at North Country meetings. You will understand, therefore, that the successes which Peacock gained for his patrons at Gosforth Park last week were immensely popular. They included the Northumberland Plate, a race which it is the ambition of every Northern trainer to win. Border Minstrel was a heavily backed competitor, and no result could have been more to the liking of the big Northumbrian crowd. In winning two races on each of the three days of the meeting Dobson Peacock achieved a feat on which he is to be heartily congratulated.

Newbury Incidents

I WAS glad to observe that the clashing of dates with the Gosforth Park Meeting did nothing to disturb the success of the Newbury fixture last week. We had excellent racing on both days on the popular Berkshire course. Lord Lascelles is fortunate to have secured such a good stake as the Royal Plate with a comparatively moderate animal like Taka San. I have rarely seen a race in which the competitors all seemed to be less in love with their task than was the case in this event. All five runners appeared to perform ungenerously, and, as usually happens in these instances, a rank outsider proved the winner. If Coronach had competed for this race he would have won by something like fifty lengths.



Colorado's Cup

THOSE of us who had questioned the staying powers of Colorado have to render him the *amende honorable* as the result of his smashing victory in the Newbury Summer Cup. There was certainly no trace of lack of stamina in that performance. Lord Derby's colt did not look to be particularly well placed a quarter of a mile from home, but as soon as he secured an opening he settled the others in a few strides. It is now possible that he will oppose Coronach in the Eclipse Stakes. Another popular result on the second day at Newbury was the success of the King's filly Scuttle in the Berkshire Foal Plate.

Behind the Ditch

THIS week we are at Newmarket for the first of the delightful meetings behind the Ditch. The big event will be the Princess of Wales's Stakes on Thursday. If Coronach runs here few people will be tempted to look beyond him for the winner. In his absence I expect to see **Bonny Boy II** improve on his Ascot form and score for the Clarehaven stable. On Wednesday **Plimsol** runs for the Duke of Cambridge Handicap, and has a reasonable chance of winning. On the concluding day of the fixture **Fohanaun**, so narrowly beaten in the Wokingham Stakes, may do better in the Waterbeach Handicap. The Fulbourne Stakes looks like going to the Aga Khan with **Three Star II** or **Falko**.

BY NICK

"THEY'RE OFF!"

An impression of speed at the White City, where London's new sport of greyhound racing provides thrills in plenty for all lovers of perfect grace combined with rhythm

OXFORD UNIVERSITY NOTES

SKETCHES

A. S. BRADSHAW

The promising Oxford cricketer. He is also a Golf Blue

As you glance over this page, dear Bystanders, we shall here be right in the middle of Commem. Don't ask what we are commemorating, because nobody knows. You know nothing about dances, of course, till you've been to Commem., just as you know nothing about sitting out till you have walked about college gardens during one of the balls. The right way to spend an evening in Commem. is to begin with a visit to the O.U.D.S. play, a review of which will be found elsewhere in this issue, and to finish up with breakfast at Thame or at Godstow. By the time you have done this, it is almost time to change for the next ball. And so on until Thursday of this week. On Monday night I expect you went to the Magdalen Ball—if you could afford it, that is. Otherwise you helped to commemorate the Quincentenary of Lincoln; and I daresay such a spirited rounding off was the most attractive feature of those five hundred years. Yesterday the indefatigable John Maud had prepared the New College Ball for you, and I am sure the Bottom of last summer's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was the most competent of hosts. To-night you have a choice. On the one hand there is the St. John's Ball; on the other there is that of the Gridiron Club; while on a third hand, specially invented for the purpose, there is the Exeter. I'm sure I hope the one you picked was the right one; but as you will never find out about the other two, you may rest safely convinced of your own good judgment. And, finally, there is the O.U.D.S. Ball to-morrow, Thursday, the final event of the Oxford year. I should like to offer some helpful suggestions as to your fancy dress, but that would really be too difficult. So I will content myself by saying that Alfredo

V. P. BROWN BY MAC

Who is an Oxford half-miler of note. He ran second to Griffiths at the recent Southern Athletic Meeting

with his band will perform, and that a cabaret show will be provided during the early morning by members of the O.U.D.S. This should enable you to start the day well, and send you back to London with a pleasing consciousness of belonging to the energetic rich.

After which, dear Bystanders, it is time that you were fed with a little athletic news. As regards tennis, the O.U.L.T.C. drew their recent contest with the Navy, and I regret to say that the Oxford University Women's Lawn Tennis Club suffered a heavy defeat from the ladies of Chiswick. Also that our swimming club came off second best against Richmond. But regrets leave me as I approach the subject of cricket. Once removed from the climate of Oxford, our cricketers have reacted vigorously to the pure London air which they breathed during the match against Surrey at the Oval. The match produced two Old Harrovian centuries, that of Butterworth in the first innings and of Crawley in the second; and this auspicious occasion is the first on which Butterworth joins the ranks of Oxford's "centurions."

In a few days Oxford will be delivered over to the mercy of trippers, inhabitants of the town and inquisitive societies; and you will hear no more of it until next October. By which time the Long Vac. will be over, and we will all, dear Bystanders, be older by a margin of sixteen weeks. JINGO.

"DEGREES" OF MERIT *R. S. Crisp*

A scene outside the Senate House at Cambridge on Degree Day. A party of learned gentlemen are seen offering pious thanks for their success in avoiding the dreaded "plough"

A Long "Bill" to be Met

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Interest at Wimbledon, as far as the Men's Singles is concerned, is centred round the question of whether "Big Bill" Tilden will finish up in the Championships as victoriously as he started in them. Our artist records the views of some of the other entrants on the subject

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Alfieri

PARLIAMENTARY POLO

The House of Lords team which won the Harrington Cup at Ranelagh when they beat the House of Commons team. The photograph shows Earl Beatty (left), Lord Digby, the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Cromwell

IN MID-FIELD *L.N.A*

The Duke of Beaufort photographed during the recent Lords versus Commons game at Ranelagh. The House of Lords team won by 5 goals to 3

El Gordo

THE splendid show put up by the El Gordo team in the semi-final round of the Champion Cup at Hurlingham last week made one regret the more that they were unable to finish the big tournament at Ranelagh. It will be recalled that they were obliged to scratch to the Hurricanes in the final tie of the Ranelagh Open Cup. The pleasure, however, of seeing them oppose the Hurricanes was only postponed, as, in accordance with general expectations, these teams worked their way into the final of the Champion Cup. The Duke of Peneranda's side were at the very top of their form on Wednesday, and gave Templeton a much more decisive beating than had been the case in the Ranelagh tournament. On the latter occasion there had only been one goal between the teams at the end of the game, but at Hurlingham El Gordo fairly dominated the situation, and the wonder is that they did not win by a larger margin than four goals.

Alfieri

INDIA DAY AT RANELAGH

The Resident of Ratlam with the challenge shield presented by the Princes of India. This year the match for its possession resulted in a win for India, who beat the British Cavalry by 6 goals to 5

Alfieri

BEFORE THE GAME

The Maharaja of Ratlam photographed before the tussle between India and the British Cavalry. He was the only native player on the field

Templeton Outplayed

I CANNOT give you a better idea of the general run of the game than by stating the plain fact that, whereas El Gordo had to hit from their own back-line only three times, the others hit out on no fewer than twenty-four occasions. For at least three of the chukkers the Templeton team found themselves continually on the defensive. Mr. John Traill was the star performer of the match. Some of his gallops with the ball well under control were brilliant in the extreme. He was able to indulge safely in his characteristic dashes up the field by reason of the great steadiness of Major Leonard Tate at No. 3. These two players have now operated together so frequently that there is an excellent understanding between them, and Mr. Traill is able to take greater risks than he would be able to do with a less efficient No. 3 to cover him up.

Spanish Forwards

EL GORDO have a sprightly attack. The Duke of Peneranda is extremely well mounted, and when he gets away with the ball there is little chance of catching him if he is riding Mars or Rosemary. If he were a little more steady in front of goal he would be about the best No. 1 in the country. The Marquis of Villabragima has enhanced his reputation during the present season. Like Mr. Traill, he rides with a sheepskin over his saddle. A particularly good horseman, he gets a fine length on the ball. Taking all things into consideration El Gordo form a remarkably well-balanced team. I am obliged to write these notes before the final for the

Topical

CLEARING THE BALL

A player getting the ball away during a club match of the Oxford University Polo Club. The match was held at Port Meadow

Champion Cup, but I shall not be surprised if they give the Hurricanes a remarkably good game. Mr. Sanford's team has enjoyed better luck in London polo than was the case last season.

American Visit

THE intention is for the Hurricanes to leave for America some time in July, and they will take part in the open tournaments there. Last year they won the Open Championship at Meadow Brook, which came as a pleasant consolation to Mr. Sanford for the disappointments he had experienced at the London clubs. Important events are now following each other closely in the polo world. This week the Inter-Regimental Tournament is to reach its concluding stage at Hurlingham. I am afraid that the final of the military championship does not arouse the enthusiasm and excitement it did before the War. This is mainly because the 17th/21st Lancers have proved themselves so greatly superior to all their rivals.

British Illus.

DOWN THE BOARDS

Mr. J. A. E. Traill (El Gordo) racing after the ball in the recent match at Hurlingham between El Gordo and Cowley Manor. El Gordo are having a very successful season

British Illus.

ONLOOKERS AT HURLINGHAM

A group of spectators at the match between El Gordo and Cowley Manor. It includes the Marquesa Merry del Val, the Marquesa de Villabragima, Don Xavier Bermegillo and Don Alfonso Merry del Val

A Sporting Maharaja

A FEW days ago I had a chat about polo with the Maharaja of Ratlam, who, as I announced some time ago, intends to accompany the Army in India Team in America. He has brought six ponies with him from India, and though they did not reach these shores until towards the end of May they look remarkably well after their voyage, and one of them, the English-bred mare Golden Fairy, secured a prize at the Ranelagh Show. These ponies will be at the disposal of our International team, who, in the Maharaja's opinion, will be well mounted, but he is fully alive to the difficulties they have in front of them. His Highness of Ratlam is playing with the Count de Madre's team of Tigers during his stay in London. This is his first experience of polo in this country, and he is delighted with the grounds he has played on so far. He is handicapped at 7 points, and a few seasons back he was reckoned the best No. 3 in India.

A. W. COATEN.

GOLFING GESTURES

By "PENDARVES"

SOME FRIGHT

WHEN a man gets down to a handicap of three or less he becomes to a very large extent inhuman; for by then he must have ceased to be inflicted by ordinary human impulses, weaknesses, and the foibles of temperament—otherwise he couldn't in human practicability be "a three." And these few Robotish men can be swept aside as surplus to our golf establishment: besides, if you are "a three" you can't be anything much else in life; there isn't time.

Of course, there are "threes" *and* "threes"; just as there are "eights" and "eights." We all know the man who says, deprecatingly, "W—e—ll, I'm about 8, but I am not playing down to it." He hasn't played down to it, or anywhere near it, for the last ten years; when he got it from an indulgent committee, off the forward tees, on a dead-easy course, and had the luck of the devil for three fluky rounds.

There is also the man who, when asked what his handicap is, snaps "Fifteen" in a closuring manner, admitting of no subsequent argument. He has been nothing of the sort for the last four years. But he feels comparatively safe playing off his frayed old 15,—there is a lovely margin for errors; added to which he can generally get strokes from opponents, which suits him very well. He is really about 8.

Now these odd things, like most other things that contribute to our undoing in golf, are engendered by fright. If you sit down in a golfing environment—a seaside golf hotel is a very good place—and consider the matter calmly, you will come to the conclusion that however much we may scoff to the contrary we are all thoroughly cowed by this game on which we throw away so much money annually. You see fright portrayed in various ways. The following staple remarks indicate funk more clearly than anything else:—

"I am afraid I shan't give you much of a game: I'm terribly out of practice." (Or, alternatively, "I haven't touched a club for months." He is a liar, but you don't know that.)

"If there is one thing above all others I can't stand it is waiting about on the tee."

"This club is useless since it was re-shafted: balance all wrong: don't give it me again, caddie."

"I was playing quite well last week, but I have been sleeping badly the last few nights, and you know what *that* means." (His wife is much too discreet to expose him in this statement, so it goes unchallenged.)

"*I* don't know which club to take, I'm sure: very stupidly placed those bunkers are; I've always said so."

"Oh, w—e—ll, if we've got behind *this* couple we may as well send one of the caddies up to the hotel for a lunch basket."

All the foregoing is game fright, which jangles our nerves and ties our minds into knots. Though if you told 100 men so to their faces 99 of them would deny it strenuously, and 75 of them would be rather rude to you for suggesting such a damsilly thing.

Watch the evolution of man from the first tee to the last green—if you can detach yourself from your own troubles, which is unlikely—and you will see several marked changes taking place in his character.

The old, very Scottish, hall porter sidles up after dinner and whispers, "I've got ye a game for te-morrer," indicating with a surreptitious thumb a florid man sitting at the other end of the lounge—a new arrival, and therefore to be abhorred of all men. You say, "Thanks, John, much obliged"; and to yourself, "My word, he looks pretty hot stuff. I know that type—probably scratch." John repeats the motions to him, and you see him glance in a startled way in your direction over the top of his evening paper. He is saying to himself, "That man's a tremendous long driver, I'll bet a quid."

You approach each other after breakfast next morning with mutual expressions of suave politeness which are really foreign to both of you, and futile remarks are exchanged about the weather. Then:

"I should imagine I get quite a number of strokes from you?"

"I was expecting you to give *me* about a half."

(Self-conscious and deprecatory giggles from both.)

Your mutual tenseness on the precincts of the first tee is profound and painful, and you watch each other's practice strokes keenly, not knowing quite what to make of them: they *might* indicate hidden talent—on the other hand, they might *not*.

Your opponent h a r d l y speaks during the first couple of holes (he is too nervous) except to commiserate with you as he looks down upon you from the summit of three monstrous bunkers; and to say, (a) "I rather think that gives me two for it, doesn't it?"; and (b) "Yes, I'm afraid that *is* out of bounds—bad luck."

When he is three up (at the fourth) a marked change comes over him. Complacency and a hideous species of geniality begin to ooze from him: also his game improves, as does that of most people when leading comfortably. He begins to chatter, but you can't help liking the brute, he is evidently genuinely sorry about you: but if only he wouldn't be so infernally pleased with his own cursed game. . . .

SOME RAPID "SHOOTING" AT CAMBRIDGE

Sir Basil Bartlett and Miss Alison Blair, of Girton, photographed being "shot" in a scene for the film play "Grit," in which they are the hero and heroine. This film was written, acted and produced by members of Cambridge University

Entrants for Henley's River Pageant

J. BERESFORD, JNR. (Thames R.C.).

T. D. A. COLLETT (Leander)

J. WRIGHT, JNR. (Arogonaut Club, Toronto)

Three of the entrants for the Diamond Sculls, the individual event which attracts the greatest attention at the Royal Regatta. There is a total entry of 101 for the Regatta, which is well up to the strength of recent years

LEANDER CLUB
G. O. Nickalls and H. O. C. Boret

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD
T. W. Shaw and E. C. T. Edwards

Photographs

THAMES R.C.
W. S. Douglas and K. Vernon

Sport and General

ETON VIKINGS R.C.
A. G. Wansborough and G. E. G. Gadsden

Some photographs of some of the Club pairs who have entered for the Silver Goblets at Henley this year. The Royal Regatta opens to-day (Wednesday), and for the first time in its history a blind crew (from the Worcester College for the Blind) is competing in the Thames Cup

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

There once was a giddy Lothario,
Who eloped with a girl from Ontario.
Said he, "All right, dear,
South America's near";
So they sailed and got married in fair Rio!

. . . . . .

We recently played in a village cricket match when the wicket-keeper appealed for a catch against the batsman. After scratching his head, the flurried umpire declared that he was absolutely stumped.

. . . . . .

The amount of refuse thrown overboard by char-à-banc parties is on the increase. Their trail might be described as a far-flung bottle line.

. . . . . .

The Oxford University Dramatic Club is in a very flourishing condition. Did not someone once remark, "And trailing O.U.D.S. of glory do we come"?

. . . . . .

It is denied that the famous line, "Long to rain over us," was written by a resident in Manchester.

. . . . . .

Seriously, though, how many readers know who wrote the National Anthem?

"Cracks at Wimbledon" is the headline in a contemporary. We trust that does not mean that the famous centre court is subsiding.

. . . . . .

There are various theories advanced to account for the earth giving way recently at Oxhey. Our own opinion is that it had had a drop too much of the crater.

. . . . . .

"I think most film stars are perfect sticks."

"And those sticks are mostly made of Hollywood."

. . . . . .

The Poets Revised

"The whirled is too much with us."
—*Wordsworth.*

"Wives of statesmen all remind us."
—*Longfellow.*

"For men must shirk and women must sweep."—*Kingsley.*

"Mary had a "'little slam.'"
—*Anon.*

"Chaff and the world chaffs with you:
Snore and you sleep alone."
—*Wilcox.*

"The boy stood on the burning duck."—*Hemans.*

. . . . . .

Answers to Correspondents.—(1) No, Jenny Wren did not build St. Paul's Cathedral.

(2) The expression, "Oh, have a heart," is not supposed to be addressed to a lettuce.

Many ladies at Wimbledon were wearing variegated socks. Shall we now hear of a new "socks appeal"?

. . . . . .

A writer on tennis remarks that players on the courts frequently look grubby. We thought it was a legal rule that a person must come into court with clean hands.

. . . . . .

A crew of London dentists recently rowed from Putney to Mortlake. They have not, however, entered at Henley for the Ladies' plate.

. . . . . .

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that ladies who visit the White City Stadium will be unable to procure an electric hair wave.

. . . . . .

A man arrested for drunkenness stated that on the previous day he had visited twenty public-houses. That's a lot of tight places to be in.

. . . . . .

A motor journal says the possession of a car brings happiness. In other words, it is the radiator of it.

. . . . . .

Uncles, we are told, are generally beloved of their nieces. Very well; but we do hope that we shan't hear of a Hug-Nunc League.

. . . . . .

It is said that seaside apartments are dearer than ever this season. The "rush" season has begun.

. . . . . .

"What did that ball do?" enquired a player of the defeated batsman.

"It was like me, broke to the wide!"

By Rick Elmes

A FIGURE—OF SPEECH

Fair Commercial Traveller (*to friend*): "Yes, I shall be travelling in silk stockings only this summer"

The Gay Round at Roehampton

BY HELEN McKIE

Polo is by no means the only attraction of the Roehampton Club, as our artist's impressions seen above conclusively prove. Lawn tennis and golf, as well as the "galloping game," are in full swing, and the *diner dansants* are very popular

PARISIANA

By "Rene"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"No lack of charm"

MES AMIS,—

AT the height thereof it was suddenly discovered that there was something extraordinary about the season, and the extraordinary thing was that there was nothing extraordinary about the season. I hope that is not so difficult to comprehend as it is to express, but, anyhow, one had better try to make it clearer by a little elaboration. The starting point is that there is habitually some distinguishing feature about the high season of Paris, and you can recall those of the past by that clue—such and such a year, the season of so and so.

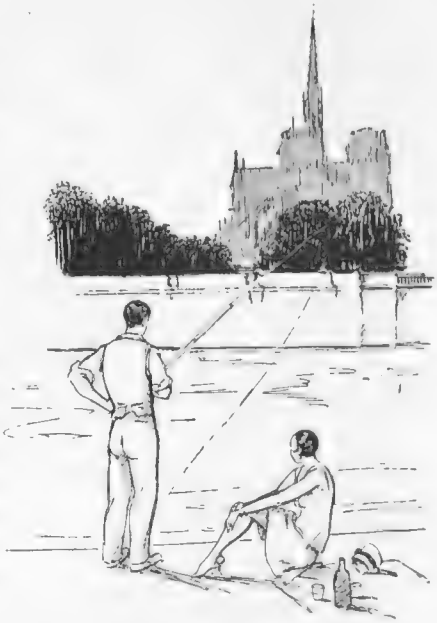
LAST year of course it was the financial frenzy, with the oddest people coming from distant corners of the world to pass a gay month in Paris on the profits of an acre of rice or a few kilogrammes of blubber. They got plenty of excitement but little gaiety, unless they manufactured it themselves. Another year it was the Love-Nest Season, when wealthy Americans found they could be divorced as speedily as at Reno and with much less publicity as to details. The love-nests were luxuriously furnished flats which were let for exclusively divorce purposes by enterprising organisers, constituting the necessary French domicile demanded by the law.

BUT this year it was impossible to find any feature that could be said to characterise the season. Politicians, who could usually be counted on to furnish excitement when everyone else was *en repos*, appear to be afraid of their own shadows, and no sooner does some little section give signs of provoking trouble than they are stamped on by the majority. There has been no new *etoile* in the theatrical firmament around which eager tongues could wag, no new controversial play about which rival clans could battle, not even a new dance or a new *dancing*. The only rival to the old *vedettes* is Georges Carpentier, who improves as a music-hall entertainer with the growth of confidence, but then Georges was already a popular favourite.

OF course Maurice de Waleffe would probably claim that this was the season of breeches, but we should be compelled to respond that that was an exaggeration, as M. de Waleffe will have to engage in much more enthusiastic and fine writing before he will be able to induce a belief that his breeches fashion is well and truly established. There was a rumour that an influential "push" had been given to the breeches movement from Le Touquet, where, during a recent week-end, all the diners at one hotel-palace were clad in *culottes-courtes* and black silk stockings, but the report is suspect, and it is not yet that the blades will feel under the necessity of commanding a pair of false *mollets* to fill up the silk stockings.

"A pair of false *mollets*"

TAKEN altogether, though, there has been no lack of charm about the season because of the absence of anything eccentric or dominating. Parisians have been glad, for a change, to take it fairly quietly, and the type of visitor has been mainly reposeful, not obtruding either accent or clashing mannerisms. Tourists appear to be realising that they can have a much better time if they contrive to remain anonymous. Hirers of Love-Nests, however, are finding that they cannot escape the limelight sufficiently. This year's contingent is having much more difficulty than its predecessors experienced. Consequently, this season's crop of foreign divorces looks like being considerably reduced.



"To take it fairly quietly"

OBJECTIONS to the system have become very pronounced. It was not merely on moral grounds that the locals resented Paris being turned into a marriage-breaking market, but also because the system interfered with local divorces, causing them to be held back indefinitely while the invaders were being unknotted. As the lawyers of the visiting divorcees had generally an abundance of funds to dispose of they were able to obtain precedence by appropriate palm-greasing. Now, however, a stricter supervision is to be exercised over foreign divorce-seekers, and the Love-Nest is not to be accepted

(*Continued on page 614*)

In the Limelight

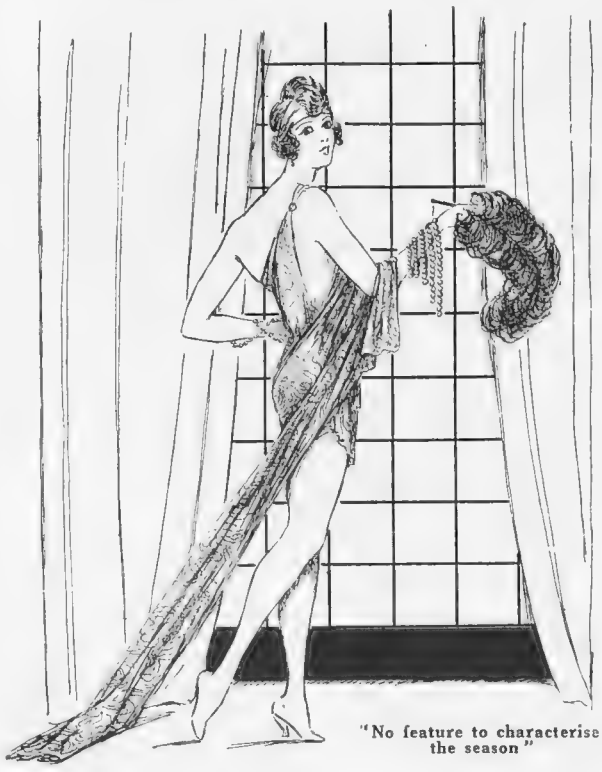
Janet Jevons

MISS GLADYS FALCK

A studio picture of a young actress who has won a name for herself in the world of the theatre. She is playing in "The Garden of Eden" at the Lyric Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue

as a qualification for legal domicile. There will be room in the courts for French irreconcilables.

Another Bal des Quat'z' Arts has come and gone without leaving much trace, unless one must refer to the traces left upon the rejected and a huge reduction of the stocks of bad champagne accumulated in the *caves* of the less reputable merchants. The latter, *bien entendu*, is a distinct gain to those who like to escape the risk of "dud" wines. I doubt if there is any gathering in the Paris round which can approach, let alone rival, the Quat'z' Arts Ball in the consumption of stuff in gilt-necked bottles, posing as champagne but better fitted for swill in a hoggery. There are more head- and stomach-aches in one bottle than in a case of the real goods. And yet it is difficult to refrain from drinking it, this dancing party being easily the thirstiest as well as the wildest.



"No feature to characterise the season"

No wonder there is a traditional plunge into the fountains of the Place de la Concorde on the way home. You would almost face a dive into the murky waters of the Seine. It is always a debatable point as to who feels most dejected about a Quat'z' Arts Ball—those who have been thrown out after a mere peep inside the doors or those who have shambled out after going right through five fierce hours of it. This year there was, as hinted, an innovation in regard to the rejected. Formerly it was possible, after being turned back at the first venture, to slip through at a second or third attempt with a little complicity from friends, but this time the victim was daubed with green paint, and as the *de rigueur* costume is one that cannot be changed, whether it is nominally Cambodgian or Peruvian, there was no second hope. It was a green that would not wash off for a day or two. René.

A correspondent wants to know whether Florence Nightingale is known as the matron saint of England.

. . . .

"My dear," remarked the hen-pecked husband in the restaurant, "let us have peas at any price."

. . . .

An act of *The Tempest* is to be broadcast. This should keep a lot of Ariels busy.

. . . .

It is said that insanity should be a reason for divorce. Why not? It is frequently a reason for marriage.

A PAGEANT AT BLYTHSWOOD HOUSE *Photopress*

A photograph of some of the performers in a scene in the Thomas à Becket pageant recently held at Blythswood, the seat of Lord Blythswood. The pageant was produced under the direction of the Marquis d'Oisy, whose ancestor gave shelter to St. Thomas when he fled to the Continent

The Clothes Season for Tourists

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The latest thing in tourist's outfits, specially recommended for walking tours

The Stars in their "Supper" Courses at Princes

BY HYNES

An impression of the Revellers and other star turns in the New Princes Cabaret. This cheery show is one of the greatest aids to the "Brighter London" movement, and dispels the boredom of the most blasé of restaurant-goers

NOCTURNES

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. V
ROUND THE TOWN

"The 'Cafayonglaye' has already and very quickly achieved 'that friendly feeling'"

"LET'S go and have a bit of dinner together quietly, old man, 'ong garcong,' what? No women: a little peace and quietness for a change. What about it?"

That is how it begins: usually in his bar or yours. And in due course you climb into a bath and a crisp dress shirt; and you meet again, very refreshed and invigorated and friendly. "No, this is mine: don't be silly: I insist . . . "

You probably seek fresh fields and pastures new: and a good spot on these auspicious occasions is a very old place with a very new name. It looms, heavy with tradition, in Leicester Square. Though Leicester Square is not by any means what it was—which is perhaps as well it still retains an atmosphere of nocturnal intrigue. "The Cavour" has stood there for more years than any of us care to remember. They call it now the "*Café Anglais*": but it makes no difference to me except in so far as it serves as a clearer example than most places how London times have changed.

Cavour used to be a very famous luncheon place of a rather neurotic kind. Very public men have entered here hastily from broughams and sped swiftly into very private backgrounds Until quite a short time ago the site of the old original restaurant was left untouched; and when you sat there the place was redolent of those old immense luncheons one used to eat with theatrical magnates and editors and brass-hatted people of that sort. Then progressively modern men took it all over and reshaped its destiny, and formed a new niche for it in the night life of London—one which it will probably hold for as long as it cares to, because it fulfils a definite need.

It is essentially a place to come to now in the middle of the day if a film star or a *révue* queen has said (amazingly and impulsively) that she will lunch with you, "you dear old-fashioned thing." You may want to display her in a more ceremonial place. Don't. She will like coming here for the very excellent reason that here she will see quite a dozen of the hated, albeit smiled upon, women of her own "ghastly" profession; and, as you know, nothing pleases her more than to observe what they have got on, what they are up to *now*, and whose face cream they are "finding by far the best." So bring her here and be wise.

But at night the "*Café Anglais*" is a good place for two men who don't, being "ong garcong," want to spend large sums of money on their dinner. Let me qualify this by saying that it *starts* by being an excellent place, and then, as the other fellow becomes more and more egotistical and boring, it develops into one of those places which makes you realise what a blithering idiot you were not to have brought—but never mind her name.

Curious how often when two men elect to dine together one of them drifts into rhetorical nonsense about himself which he thinks you believe; not a tenth of which he would believe he had told you if you reminded him next morning. But, of course, you never do. Meanwhile there are a couple of couples sitting on the sofa seats, miles away from everyone except themselves, with the provocative painted parrots on the walls behind them, and the little pink and green standard lamps casting a benediction of pale light over their tables; and the Hungarian sextette from Budapest, under an accomplished musician in Josef Racz, playing the soft music that breeds dangerous confidences and confessions and alleged confusions, and the world is going very well with them—confound them! Cavour—beg its pardon—"Cafayonglaye" has already and very quickly achieved "that friendly feeling" that can make the fortune of a place in a year or two, and doubtless will. It is built on history and buttressed with progression, and does not give itself airs, or mind whether you are "dressed" or not; and the food is good and the price is better, and so—Great Scot! your loquacious masterpiece of personal narrative has risen hastily. He has spotted a most charming person he hasn't seen for months: and she has beckoned him over: and do you mind? and "See you later, ol' man"—and . . . It's generally like that in the end.

This is the time to see round the Town, unencumbered and unbiased. A little of some of these "Clubs" goes a very long way: so you take a look at several all at once, as it were, in search of a party to which you can attach yourself without hindrance from the host. The "Night Light" (someone cribbed the name from you months ago) in Dean Street has taken a new lease of life. So, in spite of its steep and narrow stairs and its Brigade-of-Guards austerity, you lean from the altitude of its curiously aloof

gallery and look down upon a section of society—it ought to be written with a capital S, because it really *is*—disporting itself with the bored decorum of the been-everywhere-and-done-everythin' people.

But there is a girl at the piano, with an aiding and abetting background of one man and one banjo, who would make her mark on any assembly. A really clever girl who throws herself with enthusiasm into her job, waking sleepy people up and instilling the zest of life into the jaded and the indifferent by her singing and her vivid personality and her dance time.

At the Persian Garden Club

Thence to two very naughty places which will be "pinched" one night as certainly as the insipid dawn follows their daring nocturnes. We will put a false moustache on their names, covering them from recognition, as a false moustache always does, so they say; and go inside, alone and soberly, and therefore a little critically, for a change.

I am full of questions when I sit in "Almamater's" alone. And men from the band fire more questions at me the moment I enter. They are asking now, in song, looking my way pointedly, "How *could* Red Riding Hood have been so *very* good and still keep the wolf from the door?" I'm dashed if I know: search me. But why do people love these places which are cavernous, sombre, unatmospheric, and entirely unenticing? The band is no better than a dozen others, nor the floor, nor the space to move upon it less crowded: indeed, if it were not terribly crowded people would not come, and they all say they love dancing. Here they merely shuffle, *faute de mieux*, the one against the other—and adore it. Of course, you can get a drink. But is that enough? There is a certain *cachet*, presumably, in being able to tap your nose mysteriously and say to your impressed guests, "Drink, chaps? you leave that to *me*": and then to have them herded draughtily in a narrow passage while you sign them all in with a magnificent sweep of illegible pen, and the grim-visaged Cerberus smiles upon you unctuously as he collects some of your pound notes.

Then, of course, there is this eternal question of Red Riding Hood. You must ask the taxi-man who takes you away. He will know. They know everything, these night hawks. "Eh?" He leans sideways ponderously. "Red-ridinood?—*a-ah*: now you've *got* me, guv'nor."

But you haven't: he's got you. And he grinds you away to the "Castanet," on the principle of "in for a penny . . ."

The "Castanet" is very naughty indeed: has been for a very long time. It is the sort of place at the grim door of which bunches of men find themselves at the bitter end of an "Old Comrades" dinner. I nearly lost the friendship of some very white men one night here by resorting to a ruse. There is a janitor on the pavement with a face that would enable him to stand still in any Chamber of Horrors and get away with it. Round him swayed the white men deep in abortive attempts to beat down his obduracy. All except one were too immersed in—er—arguments to recognise me. So, knowing the secretary, I slipped in through the door crack to find him and stand sponsor for them. He took my word for it, and we went to their rescue. Meanwhile the blue arm of the law had moved them on. Next day at lunch the Prefects in the Common Room asked me questions in ice-cold voices. It took patience and a flow of terse language to live all this down.

The moral is—why does the "Castanet" thrive so lustily? Why should it? But the night seems to be full of questions—so let us, too, move on. To another, a new one, a "good" one, with a real name, an excellent name, "The Persian Garden," in Frith Street, Soho—and *that* doesn't matter. Some good men have got hold of this place, and one would like to see its night lights burst into flames of popularity. They probably will when the nocturnals get to know of it, because there is originality here and charm and good taste and "atmosphere" of the right sort.

There are no walls. You are enclosed in an arbour of flowers. Waiters and people concerned with the show disappear into shrubberies and are no more seen. You feel you are in a terribly naughty place, and you are not: which is as it should be. It is intimate and informal and friendly. It has a peach of a bar downstairs: and another room below that, very Russian and *recherché*.

But it is *not* the place for a temperamental man to go to alone. For while highly skilled people performed upstairs (a woman danced head downwards, her hands on the feet of a man: another woman did a superb Charleston in a frock that was—well, I was assured by a man I can trust that it *was* a frock), downstairs in the delicious depths a violinist and a pianist began putting to me some more of these disturbing questions . . . "Now I ask you, *very confidentially*, ain't she sweet? ain't she nice? . . . very confidentially . . ."

In fact, the whole Town seemed full of confidences and unanswered questions. Men were swishing the deserted streets: sibilant whispers crept from their hoses. A jaundiced moon leered at me over the railings of the Green Park, cynical interrogation in his eyes.

"How *could* Red Riding Hood . . .?"

"Ssssss . . . Taxi!" E. P. L.-B.

Welcome Home!

Sport and General

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, who have returned to this country after their long and eminently successful tour. They have well earned the hearty welcome accorded them on their arrival home

"ULYSSES AND

BY WILMOT LUNT

THE SIRENS"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

FAMOUS JOCKEYS—No. 5—CHARLES SMIRKE

The Aga Khan's jockey served his apprenticeship with Mr. Stanley Wootton, and is perhaps the best of the several brilliant riders produced by the Epsom trainer

Special Prints of this drawing may be obtained from the Publisher, 6, Great New Street, E.C.4, for 10/6, or Artist's Signed Proofs with remarque for £1 1 0

Fighting for Nothing

By Basil Macdonald Hastings.

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

Two men fought recently in New York because they could not agree whether the repair of an overcoat should cost four shillings or three shillings and eightpence. The tailor who wanted the extra fourpence was killed. I think his customer might have remembered that a tailor has the plus-fours habit.

How different the motives of Tunney and Dempsey. They are to fight again, and both are to get more than 4d. Fighting of that sort I can understand.

But this fighting for trivial reasons! How ridiculous it makes humanity seem. Consider this case. Again, it happened in New York. Two men stood together in the dock. One was a tall Irishman of great physique and most forbidding aspect. The other was a slim, wasp-waisted little dandy with pomaded hair, lavender tie, and lavender socks. Both men had black eyes and other marks suggestive of a fiercely contested fight.

"How did this start?" asked the magistrate.

"It was like this," piped the pomaded one. "I was standing in the elevator waiting for the boy to take it up to my floor. I was all alone, just thinking my own thoughts and not interfering with anyone. Suddenly into the elevator walked this great hulking brute."

"And he insulted you, did he?"

"He just gave me the once-over and then he took off his hat . . ."

I know that fisticuffs are manly. But what is the pleasure derived from mangling and being mangled? (If shirts could only speak!)

Of course, one feels like fighting when one falls in love. In fact, it is rather dull work courting a girl who has not another suitor. Preferably this suitor should be a flabby, pudding-faced fellow who can be battered with impunity. But even if he be stalwart and athletic, there is real pleasure in being half-killed for one's lady-love. Girls who hate your normal face purr with pleasure and gratification if you call one day with three stitches in it.

Let me tell you the story of a friend. He adored a girl, but she hesitated considerably about him. He was quite a dear really, but his face was such that you'd put him well behind you if you were trying to win a shooting competition. Well, one day he turned up at the girl's house with his face all hidden, save for the eyes and nose, by strips of lint. In reply to agitated enquiries he lied that he had received his injuries in course of a personal combat with an unmentionable cad who had "spoken lightly" of the queen of his heart.

"Girls who hate your normal face"

Did you ever hear of such a trier (which rhymes with the other thing he was)? It came off, both the wedding and the lint (in time), and now the girl has seven children, who are allowed to go out only on very dark days, and then in shady hats.

If we fought for big things in business, science, literature, and so on, I should have nothing to complain about.

Supposing a tradesman in Regent Street wants the business of another tradesman in the same street. Instead of instructing solicitors to discuss, how very much better to fix up a fight to a finish with the raw 'uns at the Albert Hall? The shareholders in both businesses would attend *en masse*, and the proceedings would be most interesting.

If one great scientist believes that men are descended from monkeys, and another holds equally strongly that monkeys are descended from men, why not hammer the matter out once and for all at the National Sporting Club?

As for literature and all art, let the critics and the artists throw away their little ink-bottles and harden their fists. If you think you've written a fine novel and the critic says it is putrid, hit out till one of the pair of you owns he is in the wrong. Then the public will know what to buy.

Dramatic critics are sometimes thrown out of theatres by irate managers. What happens? A fight? Never in your life. The critic just leaves the play unseen, and the readers of his paper do not know if it is good, bad, or torture. Now if he squared up to the manager and fought for his seat he might lose, and so not be able to write a "notice," but all London would want to visit a play that a critic would fight to the death to see.

Don't think me bloodthirsty. I am in favour of fighting only for big motives. The people who scrap over a few pence or a football result are merely tiresome. What is one to say, for instance, of the two unconscious and badly bleeding fools I saw on a pavement the other night?

"What were they fighting about?" I asked the policeman.

"Well, I gather, sir, they're both on the telephone, but on different exchanges. Each would have it that his exchange was the worst. . . . Queer world, isn't it, sir?"

"ANNE — ONE HUNDRED" AT THE GLOBE

Produced May 23, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I THINK the rather cryptic title of this interesting play refers to the standard of excellence of Anne Briston, a part played with stirring vivacity by Miss Vera Lennox. Anne stands, in short, at par. Some of the other characters are not so favourably qualified, one of them being placed at thirty-four, or thereabouts, while on another occasion a gentleman, who says he is not very well, puts himself somewhere in the five-and-a-half category, so that he is clearly feeling pretty cheap. On the other hand, Anne herself speaks of a friend as being one hundred and five, which looks as if someone had boiled over a bit.

ANNE is the only child of the late Mr. Briston, who specialised in Soap. It is a matter of common observation that people who deal in Soap usually acquire large fortunes, which is, indirectly, a delicate compliment to the community at large. Mr. Briston left Anne the usual million dollars which every self-respecting American hopes to acquire sooner or later, and his Business. The Business, however, owing to the double-dealing of the Penvales, a rival firm, has gone to pieces since the death of its founder, and Anne is advised by the family solicitor to accept an offer of a hundred thousand dollars for the concern, lock, stock and barrel. It is at this stage that Anne bulges out into the 100 per cent. quality. The business was her late father's life and she will not sell, but for the sake of his memory will carry on. (Cheers.)

ANNE'S dearest friends try to dissuade her from doing what seems to them a silly thing. Burton Fraim, a business acquaintance, suggests that she should give up her wild project and marry him instead; but Anne claims to be too busy to think of such a trifle as matrimony. As she knows nothing of business she mingles purposely with commercial experts so that she may learn how to deal with her employees when they give her any of their back-chat; and she learns also the precise moment at which a hesitating bargain may be successfully completed by the use of an abrupt expletive. We next see Anne in the Boss's chair of the Briston

Mfg. Co. The very knowing office boy does not recognise her at first, and he perches himself on her desk with a cigarette and a novel, and warns her not to "get fresh" when she plies him with questions about the business and the staff. The boy is very smartly represented by Master Billy Speechley.

ANNE learns that her manager is in the pay of her rivals the Penvales, and is purposely wrecking the business so that what is left of it at the finish can be bought for a purely nominal sum. So the manager promptly becomes the ex-manager by being "fired," and he is followed by all the other useless members of the staff. The "firing" is, in fact, so comprehensive that Anne might have been using a machine-gun. One member of the staff, Peter Nixon, anticipates the trouble by handing in his resignation voluntarily, and it naturally follows that he is the one man Anne most desires to keep. (Feminine instinct, or something of that sort.) He is therefore appointed manager right away, and given a free hand to run the Business.

THEN the usual thing happens. In six months Anne has got the Business going again, although it has cost her the whole of her private fortune of a million dollars in order to arrive at that happy result. But it will all come back again. The only thing that is lacking is a certain big contract for which all the soap men of America have hopefully tendered. In due course Anne secures the desired contract, and is thus on the highway to fortune. Business rivalry in America, however, would appear to be more thoroughgoing than in effete Yewrope; and as the Penvales cannot have the contract they have decided to get even by blowing up

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

Anne Briston, the owner of the business, makes a few remarks about the new display card to her manager, Peter Nixon (G. H. Mulcaster). Meanwhile Marsh (Charles Mortimer) stands by complete with cigarette draped neatly behind his attentive ear

Anne's factory. After all, if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well.

S

I THINK if I had been in Anne's place I should have called in a policeman or so as soon as I had heard of this nefarious project; but when the news comes to Anne she is so confident of herself that she asks help from no one. She just orders the night-watchman to keep a sharp look-out for bombers and people of that class, and then she decides to camp-out in her office for the night with a loaded revolver, so that if a gentleman calls to say he has been instructed to blow up her factory, she can promptly shoot him off the premises and go to sleep again. Her faithful manager, Peter Nixon, is told to go home, but he doesn't go. He just hangs around as an extra guard, until Anne, mistaking him on one occasion for the expected bomber, points her gun at him and threatens to shoot. So Peter walks up to her quietly and takes her weapon from her in case it should go off and hurt somebody.

S

ABOUT this time we see how things are going with Anne and Peter. It is he whose technical knowledge has been the means of restoring the Business, and therefore he feels justified in proposing to Anne with the firm directness of a man who does not intend to take No for an answer. As he thus is entitled to Anne's confidence, she tells him why she is purposely missing the last train home; but she has scarcely completed the story of the plot before there is a mighty explosion that shakes the theatre from end to end. The Penvales have been and done it.

S

PETER NIXON sees a man dashing along a corridor, and at once gives chase. Meanwhile, Burton Fraim, who is not unreasonably jealous of Peter, hurries on to see if Anne is all right, and to put the police on the trail of the miscreants. And presently he is able to announce, with a supremely satisfied air, that the police have got their man. It is this Peter Nixon chap whom Burton Fraim suspected from the first. All that Anne can think of doing at the moment is to clench her fist and thump Mr. Fraim in the chest with the regular movement of a rapidly vibrating hammer, and call aloud that he is a damned interfering ass, or words to that colourful effect. This makes a rousing curtain for the Third Act.

S

THE rest of the play shows how the Penvales are hoist with their own petard, and the story ends on the anticipated note of romance very delicately sounded. Mr. G. H. Mulcaster is a helpful foil to the wilful Anne; but it is distinctly Miss Vera Lennox's evening. This dainty little lady has scored a veritable triumph.

JINGLE

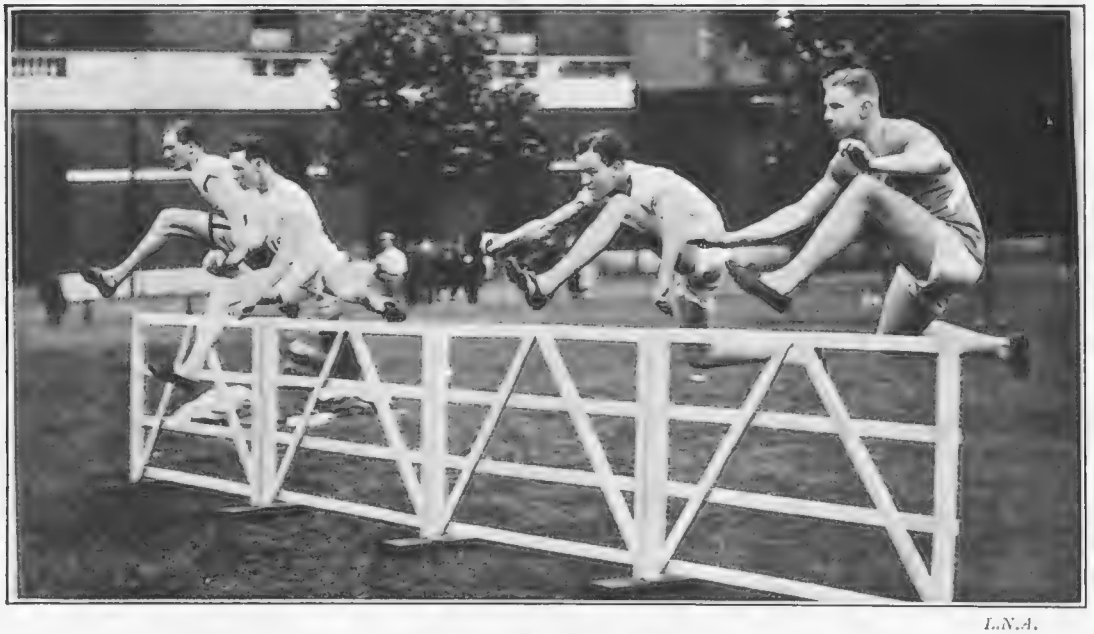
A Record of Sport Ashore and Afloat

ROUND THE MARK BUOY *Topical*

Entrants in the Burnham Restricted Class going to and from the mark buoy at the Colne Yacht Club's Regatta. The meeting was held at Brightlingsea

AN ENTRY FOR HENLEY *L.N.A.*

The Senior Eight of Dublin University who are to compete at Henley this year. The photograph shows: E. Staunton (stroke, left), C. F. Cope (7), O. W. McCutcheon (6), Major C. T. Denroche (coach), F. Faulkner (cox), H. L. Dixon (5) M. Craig (4), J. M. Gibbon (3), T. O. Dunbar (2) and C. M. Taylor (bow)



L.N.A.

GOING "OVER THE TOP"

Sergeant L. G. Trumble, of the 51st Anti-Aircraft Brigade, R.A. (second from left), winning the 120 Yards Hurdles at the recent Territorial Athletic Meeting at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea. The London Scottish and the Artists' Rifles tied for the Aggregate Cup with 21 points each

Topical

THE SCOTTISH CHAMPION

Miss Betty Inglis, who won the Scottish Ladies' Golf Championship. She beat Miss Hilda Cameron in the final

Photo Illus.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

T. D. Armour, who won the American Open Golf Championship at Hulton. He beat H. Cooper in the play off

With the Camera on the Continent

Topical

COYOTE, THE WINNER (NIAUDOT UP)

AT AUTEUIL

France's Grand National, the Grand Prix Steeplechase of Paris

Topical

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIELD AT THE WATER JUMP

Photographs

MISS JOSEPHS AND MRS. ERNEST STAMM

MRS. JACK WENDELL (left), MRS. ARTHUR WENDELL, MISS ELINOR WENDELL AND MR. ARTHUR WENDELL

ROUND AIX

Some of the lucky ones who have been enjoying the sunny weather at "Aches and Pains"

Alfieri

MISS WHITE AND HER FIANCÉ, CAPT. SPICKERNELL

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"Despatched with a bang"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

IT are more as impossible for me to personally impen my grateful responses to the 1,000s of you who have sent me your condolents and suchly sympathetics by post, wire and C.O.D. *re* concerning my so hasteish departures from Hottentotland after all my good works. It are very awful discouragements when a world-wide *literati* who has strove to only imbue the world with good deeds and other blessings, suffers to be pushed into an aerial machine and despatched with a bang. Happishly, my labourings have not entirely been requiteless, and I shall now depict 1 or 2 testimonuals I have receive from the *haut ton* (French for the nobilities and gentries). For instants, Hon. Sir Baldwin writes per as follows: "It are to be never sufficiently deplored that your so noble and pure efforts to spread the blessings of toil and thrifting among the Hottentotters has been so enormously successless. Alasly, it are indeedly a disputeless truth that to be a Prime Minister are not all ale and assets, but extremely to the contrary or *vice versa* (Latin for the foot are quite on the other leg). How few it are who succeed to adequately guess the frightful sufferings we great and simple intelligents live to speechlessly endure. I enclose per C.O.D. a ½oz. of my patent tobacco which are very bespoke for its soothing and non-excitable effects. Yours to ashes, S.B."

Hon. Sir Dean Inge writes: "It are with more greater and greater gloom that I enjoyed your so scholarish articles on Hottentotland in HON. BYSTANDER. They prove to non-dubitably show that everything happens for the worst and that it would be far more better for all of us to be dead than alive, but a 1,000 times still more better for all of us to have been non-born altogether. *O tempora! O mores!* (Latin for O what deucish days!) soonly there will be not any vacant spots left on this habituated globe for Upper 10 persons, but for only educationless Lower 10s who can non-distinguish a dean from a dough or other dubious nut. Your brilliant extractions prove to also show that civilization are more doomed as per late Hon. Queen Ann and not anything remains to hope for but a speedish end of the world or suchly joyish cataclysmic. Yours in gloom—D. INGE."

A father of 8 non-nuptialled daughters wires: "Dear Sir, Are it correct that the Hottentotters nuptial more as 1 wives per each, and if so how many? Kindly to inform the most best and quickest route to Hottentotland and price of non-return tickets, if any."

Hon. Sir Lloyd George writes me the as follows inspiring prose-poem: "Cymbrach grfdwyrllanbradach-y-glandŵnayd clydachgwrmsofechbach coedsbetswyfach brubach quach." (This translates to mean that only noble hearts suffer to enjoy afflictings and that we should not ever permit our peckers to droop.)

The as follows very prized consolations have also arrived to me from Hon. Sir Lady Oxford of Asquith per wireless telegraph: "Dear Sir Yogo, I consider your extractions in Hon. BYSTANDER to be 1 of the most brilliant literary *coups* (French for scoopings) of our times. As I was saying 2 or 3 days before last to late Hon. Duke of Wellington, *tout le monde est sage après coup*, to which he responsed with 1 of his so scintlling epigrams, *tant mieux*. (Or perhapsly it was the so late Duke of Devonshire, *quien sabe?*) Do come to dinner with me on or *après* the 32-nd, but kindly to non-mention same as I hate this so modern publicity craze. *Tout à vous.*—MARGOT."

From Hon. Tallulah Bankhead: "'Fraid you're a bad lad."

It are suchly kind and luscious hearts which provoke us to strenuously execute noble deeds, and, when we non-succeed to pull off same, ungent our wounds with sweetish balms. But here are a letter which proves itself to be a quite different pair of boots. It are from Sir Lord Lossiemouth, M.P. as per:

"A father of 8 non-nuptialled daughters wires . . ."

(*Continued on page 630*)

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

QUARTER DAY.

The Household Cash that should be spent
On "Lux" and "Vim" and Coal and Rent
And Groceries and Wages,
Has vanished in the quaintest way!—
T'were folly to attempt to pay
Accounts of umpteen pages.

But Fortitude and Commonsense
Will cause the blackest Indigence
To glow with roseate colours;
Behold a sheaf of angry bills
Transformed into artistic spills
With which to light Abdullas!

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH EGYPTIAN VIRGINIA

"Mr. Y. Hama. Sir, I have pursued with fiery indignations your so wicked and fraternalless attempts to successfully exploit the hithertoly innocent and happy Hottentotters and cause them to become wage-slaves like our own down-trod, pauperized, tyranised, capitalized, helpless, freedomless, cashless and happiless serfs of toil who live to only have their faces ground under the so iron heel of tyranny, oppression and capitalism; whose innocent offsprings eat only crusts and water in the gutter, while the pampered infantines of the Idle Rich live on *Les Filets de Sole Concorde* or *Huitres Perlières Native* and suchly wicked delicacies. It are awful thought to think that a toilless, useless, intelligentless *bourgeois* like you can gad yourself to Arabia, Hottentotland and suchly spots, while 10s of 1,000s of foodless and drinkless slaves of Capital can afford to only visit Southend, Blackpool, Margate and other plebian watering-spots. I are still suffering fatigues from my United States pilgriming, otherwisely I would tell you some more. Yours very non-fraternally, Lossiemouth."

I shall now produce you the nextly extractions from my epochal diary as per follows:

Feb. 22-st. (Very *a.m.*) For more hrs. as I could count, I velocitated through the darkness at frightful *m's.p.h.* away from Hottentotland. Then all of a suddenly the aerial machine performed an awful swooping and made to plunge enormous miles under water, which caused me to think that very perhapsly we had fellen in the sea. When I succeeded to arrive to the surface, I was more wet as a duck's back and gasping ferociously for air. When I had imbued more as several sq. gallons of this so luscious beverage, I gazed at my whereabouts, but could not see any. As Hon. poets says, there was "water, water everywhere and not a spot of land." Alasly, I bemoaned, are it that I shall be cut off in the blossoms of my youthish years to only meet my grave in a watery tomb? Then all to i-ce I heard a voice ejacule "*Bismallah! Bismallah!*" (Arabian for "O master, this are awful kettle of fish!") and turning my gaze I saw Alli (my so faithful Arabian guide) embracing himself to the neck of our camel which was swimming away from the wrecked aerial machines. In less as 2 ticks I had sprung to his back and heaved myself on board this so useful ship of the desert.

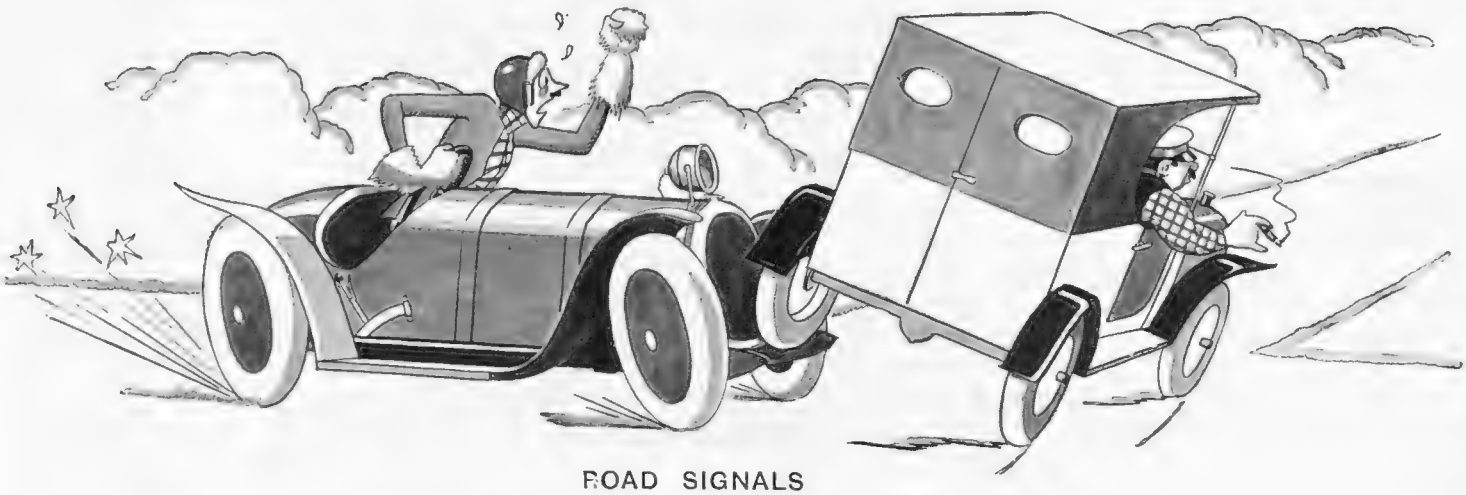
"I saw Alli . . . embracing himself to the neck of our camel"

Yogo Hama

"GOING TO THE DOGS" By MacMichael

Life— *bottled by* Worthington

No. 2.—On the Road



ROAD SIGNALS

It is sometimes hard to tell whether a man is about to turn or merely knocking the ash off his cigar. But the man ahead is usually a half-wit haven't you noticed? Of course *some* people use words only heard on the West-End stage —others ease the blood pressure with a Worthington at the journey's end.

THE POLICEMAN

At his bidding the lordly limousine lingers or the sardine-tin sports steams ahead. If ever he picks on you, turn the other cheek—it's cheaper. Never be afraid to ask him where the nearest Worthington House is. He knows—and he'll give your car ten minutes' standing-room.

TRAFFIC BLOCKS

It's not the policeman's fault if the man in front of you has four wheel brakes and the lady behind forgets hers! After a decent silence try another kind of sandwich—accompanied by a Worthington.

N.B. If you are pulled up opposite a Worthington House it is not very safe to try and nip out and back before the hold-up breaks. Not that we don't admire sportsmen!

Vive l'Eclipse—

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"At the Troc"

LONDON, *June 27.*

DEAR COUSIN—

RATHER nice democratic sort of week this, isn't it, some ways? I mean because there's the Eclipse on—no, not the celebrated stakes or horse race of that name, but some odd things the dear old Sun or Sol (*not* the racing one) is going to do this Wednesday morn as ever is. And 'll be a sort of poor man's Ascot instead, as you might say, with no two guins. required for Royal Enclosure, etcet., but just a nice bit of smoked glass (which I hear they've been doing a simply terrific trade in) and . . . Oh yes, afraid I forgot, ticket needed, I fear, if you want to do the thing really thoroughly, to Lancs or Yorks or Wales, where they're having what they so excitingly call the path of Totality or words to that effect (no connection with Totalisators by the way, I'm told).

卐

BECAUSE in Town, seems we're only having sort of half rations, so to speak, whereas northwards there's not only aforesaid Tote, but special licences apparently to do a spot of non-stop all-night dancing and singing and going to the movies and whatnot all in honour of the occasion. Thus removing and placing off the map for once, anyway, the well-known Manchester jest, jape, or truism—you know, about the booking clerk whereunto the traveller about to hire him or her thitherward remarked, "I want to go to Manchester," whereupon aforesaid philosopher of the grille reprovingly replied, "You mean you've got to" . . . but that's by the way.

卐

WHAT I mean to say is, rather nice useful things these eclipses, and rather a pity there's not to be another for about a hundred years or thereabouts, or so the scientists say. Because if they made more or less a habit of happening there's no knowing, is there, what dear old Puritan England might start doing? Positively, let you buy a chocolate or banana after nine-thirty perchance, or send a telegram on Sundays, or even go to supper after the theatre—and Heaven knows some of these first-nights nearly turn into mornings before they're done—without having your modest glassful of champagne simply snatched from you by harassed waiter ere you've had time to start the earliest prelims. of dalliance with your *sole Meunière* or *homard Newbourg,* or even possibly *hors-d'œuvre variés.*

"At the Eton and Harrow match"

卐

"COME down and redeem us from virtue," said that once well-known and formerly considered-quite-naughty Victorian poet, Mr. Algernon Swinburne, addressing his remarks to some obscure goddess—and rather odd, is not it, that, spite of all our so-called modern decadence and so on, we seem still to want quite a lot of redeeming, what? So what I say is, let's have some more eclipses and lots of 'em, and not merely local ones, either. Quite heaps and masses of people meanwhile *entre nous,* besides our *cher ami,* the Sun, that badly want eclipsing, *n'est-ce pas?* As, for example, the ones that languidly tell you, as you emerge from your third dance that night (and all quite nicely done, complete with real food like bacon and eggs, and so on, instead of the flimsy sandwiches and aspics of yesteryear), that the Season's rather past its prime and a rot's setting in, and all that sort of thing.

卐

WHY, positively at its very best and brightest, the wonderful, exciting, thrilling thing is at this precise moment, and don't you forget it. All of us just absolutely in our stride . . . hardened and in the best of training for any kind of adventure or endurance—such as one of those soothing lunches at Prince's to the music of a not too disturbing band, and then to Wimbledon, where sometimes we sit somewhat late, lulled (I don't think) by the new local loud-speaker that tells us all about everything that happens in somewhat stentorian tones. And then, having hurriedly but pleasantly sped homeward in convenient

(*Continued on page* 634)

TALKS ABOUT WHISKY

(No 1)

John Haig & Company are supplying the World with very fine Whisky and they want everybody to know it.

The period of shortage of old stocks caused by the War is now past and gone. When you demand **Haig** WHISKY you get quality equal to the finest that ever went out of Scotland.

It is true that in the Home market you are asked to pay too high a price for it. That is because the Government takes 8/5½ duty on every bottle before it can be sold to you.

This is not fair. The Government admits the unfairness and it is probable that the unfairness will be rectified in the next Budget.

We know, you know and the Government knows that to people who can pay the price, Whisky is the purest and safest stimulant that has ever been produced

Used in moderation **Haig** WHISKY is the best stimulating drink for you if you live in Great Britain, Canada, Africa, Australia, America (Oh yes! America is getting—by its own peculiar means—lots of **Haig** WHISKY). We are giving you the best possible quality Whisky and we recommend you to say "**Haig** WHISKY, please," when ordering.

In future advertisements we are going to give you a lot of interesting information about Whisky in general and particularly about **Haig** WHISKY. We respectfully ask you to follow these advertisements carefully.

We sell two qualities and in the Home market these are sold at—

12/6

The best 12/6 bottle on the market.

13/6

Containing the finest Whisky that goes out of Scotland.

Haig

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD. *(owning Haig & Haig, Ltd.)*, DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, *and* KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

'Dear Old Puritan England"

Rolls-Ford of *quelq'un de nos amis,* a cutlet (or *cotelette,* that sounds better) at the Carlton grill or somewhere, and a theatre (the second act's soon enough for most), and "Champagne Time" to follow at the Troc., where the Kelo Bros. do their odd dance as U.S. farmers, and Mr. Cyril Rolls falls about so skilfully as an alleged waiter. And so . . . to the dance, private or pub., or club, and quite probably a bit of each, till the sun (no eclipses being on) begins to show more or less signs of, anyway, wanting to start shining.

卐

Or again, perchance a flying visit to those summer sales that really and truly even thus early have already begun, just to buy *something* for the mere thrill of it, if it's only one of the new kind of Helen Wills eyeshades complete with kind of jockey-cap head-covering. Which, anyway, gives you a sort of *soupçon* of that lawn tennis feeling, even if you've never done better, or likely to, than second prize at the weekly American mixed tournament on your holiday at Somewhere-by-the-Sea. Followed by much-needed snack at, say, that nice newish place, the Tricity, that's in the Strand part of theatreland, where there are such soft shaded lights, and all the lovely food and everything's done by electric gadgets, and they have Ben Blue and his band, and Tex McLeod and other pleasant items, evenings—likewise, of course, *toujours* dancing, yea, right up to two of the clock a.m.

卐

Which modern dancing, says Mr. Michael Arlen *on dit* in his new play, *The Zoo,* that's going to be put on in London soon, is "nothing but organised epilepsy"—but, if so, thank Heaven, says I, we can all throw fits of that sort, what? Which reminds me, Commem. this week at Oxford, and such lovely *young* dances on at Magdalen and Exeter and all those perfectly sweet old colleges, 'cluding St. John's, where they've got those divinely delightful gardens where you really *can* sit out, as they call it, in the good old-fashioned way. And even gallantly get photographed in groups in quads and places somewhere about sunrise in the cold cruel light of early morn, the gay revellers do—who says *some* women, anyway, aren't perfect heroines?

卐

Yet another traditional Festival of Youth this week, by the way, at Henley to wit, where they're holding the well-known regatta of ancient memory. Though nowadays no longer are we satisfied with the simple pleasure of sitting around in punts, or dashed few of us, at any rate—but more luxuriously glance ever and anon at a bit of a race or two from our comfy chairs in the grassy purlieus of Phyllis Court in intervals of tea, talk, ices, and what-not. If, that is, we don't happen to be otherwise absorbed in watching the great Suzanne, who's this year's added attraction at aforesaid P.C. and rival to abovementioned rowing races, and running a sort of private Wimb. all of her own, so to speak, as "presented" by Mr. Charles Cochran—with great Henley Ball to wind things up and all, this Saturday night as ever is. Likewise on Sat. that truly great R.A.F. Pageant at Hendon, where they do that wonderful air-bombing, and are going to blow up, I gather, a whole native town (specially built for the occasion) before they've done.

卐

No rest for the wicked, in truth, as the saying goes, if it's a crime to have a good time—and, well, "virtue is its own punishment," as someone says in that light and slight but bright little new play, *The Happy Husband,* at the Cri. Wherein dear Madge Titheradge is so terribly worried because everybody thinks she's so fearfully good she never gets a chance of being anything else, and even when she drinks several cocktails, and, thus braced, really goes and breaks quite one of the important Commandments, everyone with one accord refuses to believe she ever did it—which must be most fearfully annoying for her, especially as they blame it all on another woman who's got a Sunday school mind but a face like a vamp.

卐

And talking about sports and games, by the way, simply terrific week next, of course, in the cricket line, what with the Varsity match to push off with and Eton and Harrow at the end. And, by the way, this Wednesday there's a big Festival at the South London Hospital, on Clapham Common, which is to be opened by Lady Maud Carnegie. It's an awfully good cause, so do go along and support it.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.

"Those Summer Sales"

Great Summer Sale

NOW PROCEEDING

A Sale at Waring & Gillow's is a Quality Sale and comprises an unparalleled range of Furniture and Furnishings of the Waring Standard, drastically cut in price to effect a clearance & to make room for new models.

CATALOGUE POST FREE

WARING & GILLOW Ltd.

164-182, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Branches at MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL & LANCASTER

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

I often wonder why that brilliantly original writer, Mr. M. P. Shiel, is not better known than he is. His novels and romances may not be to everybody's taste, but they have a kind of white-hot splendour about them which must surely rouse up all one's admiration. And his ideas are so daring.

Years ago he wrote more than one story which went near to foretelling the state of a whole world at war. He looked far ahead, too, and gave us that unforgettable story, *The Purple Cloud*. There is mystery, the weirdest excitements, and the vividest writing in every one of his books. And he is one of those writers who do not depend on other men for their ideas.

His latest book, *How the Old Woman Got Home* (Richards Press: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is an astonishing piece of work. It intrigues you, it thrills you, and sometimes it baffles you. It has pages of philosophical dissertations which in any other novel would be almost absurdly out of place, but which here fit in. It introduces you to half a dozen folk whom you are hardly likely to meet elsewhere, and it makes them absolutely alive.

Incidentally, it is a forthright attack on shams and the muddled thinking that passes for something very different to-day. And it has a real and very curious story about an out-of-work electrician who, for some queer reason only explained near the end of the tale, is called on suddenly to play the part of a millionaire.

I am, I suppose, one of Shiel's warmest admirers, but I have two faults to find with his book. He is a lover of words, and almost a pedant in their proper usage. There is not a man living who can write better prose. But in this novel I find a tendency towards unnecessary complication. The other criticism concerns the story itself. It is a good story—a kind of super-shocker, if you like—but although it has been given an altogether new twist, it is just not good enough for Shiel.

But you should read the book—so strangely original is it; and when you have done so you should get hold of its score of predecessors. One day we must have the whole of Shiel collected together. Then it will be realised that yet another fine craftsman has been writing for a quarter of a century without adequate recognition.

Without being in any way competent to pass judgment on Mr. R. H. Wilenski's views as expressed in his book, *The Modern Movement in Art* (Faber and Gwyer: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), it seems to me that it thoroughly succeeds in its purpose. You may not appreciate the Cubists—or the Distortionists, as somebody once called them—or the new generation of architecturally inclined artists who fight shy of the old methods, but you can hardly ignore them. It is well, therefore, to have the help of a competent guide, and that Mr. Wilenski most assuredly is. He makes you understand what these moderns are striving to do, and just where and how they are leaving the older schools. The book is exceedingly interesting, and its illustrations very well chosen. I do not know any other book which covers the same ground, or even a portion of it, in such admirable fashion.

*

It is good to see Mr. Frederick Niven's name on a book again. He is one of those fortunate writers whose knowledge of the world and its curious ways has not been gained in an armchair from other people's books. His new volume, *Queer Fellows* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is not quite a novel and not quite a piece of autobiography. It is a singularly vivid account of two unusual men whose acquaintance he made—a number of years ago—while working as a common labourer on some British Columbian railroad. It lets you into the intriguing secrets of travelling "free" on, or rather under, a train, and in the persons of Hank and Slim it introduces you to a pair whom you are not likely to forget.

The curious thing is that, although nothing very dramatic happens—Hank, it is true, has a regrettable habit when in drink of wanting to brain his best friends with an axe, but nobly restrains himself—you are absorbed all the time. It is as though you were actually accompanying Niven and his queer friends on their "hike" eastwards, and every moment is exciting. It says much for the author's skill that out of what is really the slenderest material he has made such a capital book.

*

I confess that I have a liking for whimsical fantasy. I like nothing better than to read, for instance, of a three-inch-high fairy floating into a Bloomsbury attic and taking a poor down-trodden clerk under her wing. This is what happens in Mr. C. E. Lawrence's new story, *Cockadoodle* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.). I like, too, to be told that the fairy, in a properly feminine spirit, becomes jealous of her clerk's ridiculous "goings on" with an unpleasantly financial young female, and my enthusiasm is further aroused when with the fairy's help Mr. Octavius Jones turns his back on the city and his wretched wife and goes boldly out, a real man, into the country.

There, incidentally, he does strange things. People believe him to be a little mad. Perhaps he is, though who are we to say? The point about Mr. Lawrence's story is that behind its whimsicalities there is a serious idea, quaintly embroidered and fastened on to as delicate a romance as I have read for some time.

Verse With a Sting

Mr. A. M. Harbord has a certain pungency of thought that is never quite absent from his work, and in *The Three Waiters and Other Poems*, Cecil Palmer, 6s., net, he is as cynical as any modern poet, though on many occasions he coats his bitterness with some considerable beauty of expression and aptitude for phrase

MINE FRIENDS ARE YOUR FRIENDS

The Welsh Miners Quartette who are appearing in "Playtime at the Piccadilly," at the Piccadilly Hotel, where British talent is being given every encouragement. Though they are all working colliers, they give a performance of surpassing excellence, "indeet to gootness they do, whateffer!"

BY APPOINTMENT

Fine Jewels by

Mappin & Webb Ltd

London Showrooms

172, REGENT ST. W.1. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4 158-162, OXFORD ST. W.1.

Benger's for backward children

Parents who have a child growing too rapidly, or weakly, or not thriving, can be sure that extra nutrition of a particular kind is required. There is nothing better than Benger's Food for backward children, and a cupful between meals, and at bedtime, provides just what is wanted.

BENGER'S Food

is always made with fresh new milk. It enriches and converts the milk into a delicious food cream, very easy to digest

Sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
No. 0—1/4; No. 1—2/3; No. 2—4/-; No. 3—8/6

The Benger's Food Booklet contains many valuable hints to mothers with backward children, post free.

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Liverish People Need Vichy-Célestins

IN the famous Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally. Its gentle stimulating effect is welcomed in all cases of sluggishness. It clears the blood-stream from all impurities.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals either alone or mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

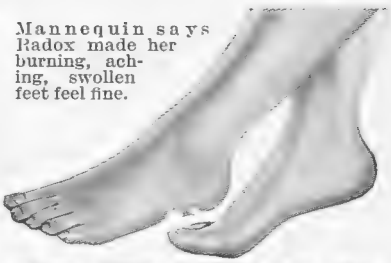
VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

VICHY ETAT



Mannequin says Radox made her burning, aching, swollen feet feel fine.

corns

and Hard Skin Vanish.

Are you on your feet most of these hot, foot-torturing days? If so, take a leaf out of this Mannequin's book. Keep your feet fresh, sweet, and free from corns by delightful 15-minute Radox footbaths. Read this letter:—

"I should like to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from Radox Bath Salts. As a Mannequin, I am on my feet the greater part of the day, and frequently wearing several pairs of new shoes to match each costume.

"Before I 'discovered' Radox I used to go through agony with the aching, burning and swelling of my feet, but now I always have a Radox footbath before going to parades, and another as soon as I come home again, and I never have swollen, aching feet. I haven't the slightest trace of a corn or hard skin in any form."

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the life-giving oxygen which Radox liberates enters and cleanses the pores, drawing out of the feet all the burning, aching, swelling sensations. It also carries the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it may be lifted out bodily.

1/6

Half Pound Pink Packet

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

Ask your chemist for Radox, price 1/6 per ½-lb. Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity.

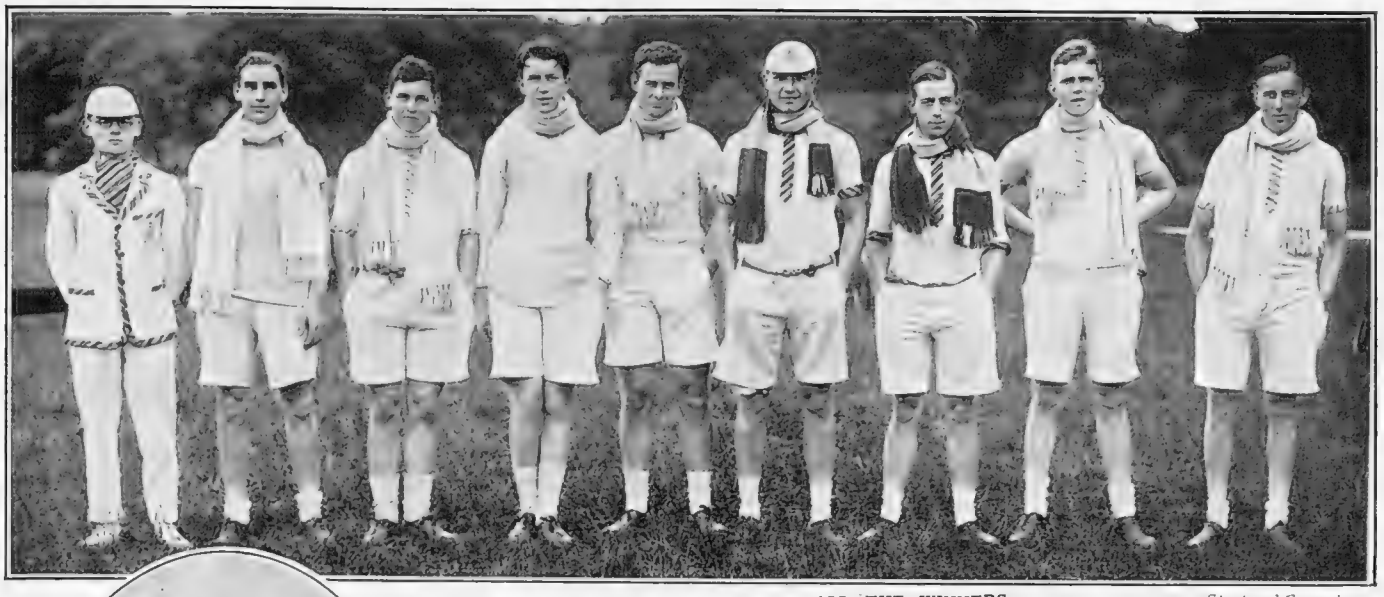
Wherever the right people meet, there also you will meet the right cigarette—

DE RESZKE

—of course!

Did you know that De Reszke Virginias cost only 1/- for 20?

June Sport in Town and Country



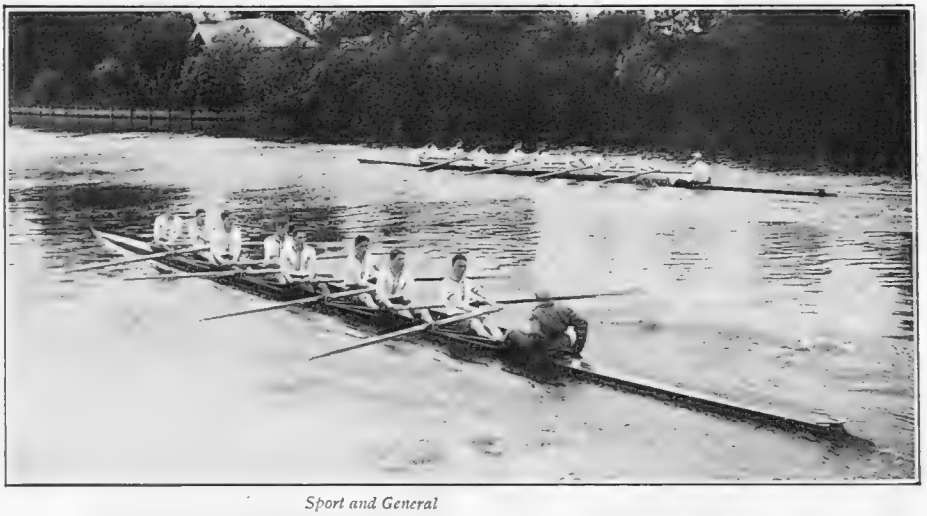
ALL THE WINNERS *Sport and General*

The Beaumont College eight who recently joined battle with Eton on the Thames at Old Windsor. The race resulted in a victory for Beaumont

Sport and General

ARTHUR HAVERS

The Coombe Hill professional, a member of the British International Golf Team in Canada. He won the Canadian International Tournament on the Dixie Course at Montreal



Sport and General

THE RACE IN PROGRESS

A photograph taken during the recent race between Eton and Beaumont on the Thames at Old Windsor. Beaumont, the winners, are seen further from the camera holding a slight lead

LONDON'S LATEST SPORT *G.P.U.*

Greyhound racing has sprung into great popular favour in the South, and recently very successful meetings were held at the White City. The Duchess of Sutherland is seen above presenting the Visitors' Cup, won by Wailing Wing

Sport and General

AT LORD'S

Watson, of Lancashire, completing his century against Middlesex. He was bowled by Durston after making 115

Wimbledon's Opening Stages

By H. S. SCRIVENER

I WONDER how many people have noticed that for the first time since the entry for the men's singles reached its present dimensions the whole of the first round of that event was completed on the opening day? When I met Mr. Burrow about three weeks ago he ejaculated, "They have given me another court, Scriv," with as much glee as if somebody had just given him a box of his favourite cigars. This extra court and the extra hour—they "kicked off" at 1 instead of at 2 p.m.—enabled him and his cohort of assistants to do the trick. It is true that there were a few walks-over, but all the same it was an excellent piece of work. Next day it was hoped to polish off the second round of the men's singles and the first forty matches in the ladies' singles—72 matches in all—but the hour's rain put a stopper on that.

I AM told by one who speaks with authority that nearly 20,000 people were present on Wednesday. The centre court holds about 13,000, so that the public is evidently becoming increasingly aware that, as I pointed out recently in THE BYSTANDER, it is quite possible to see Wimbledon and enjoy it without having, or seeking, access to the centre court. Perhaps my hint that there would be plenty of good stuff going on "outside" during the first week has borne fruit.

THERE is no doubt that the new plan by which eight selected players in the singles and four pairs in the doubles are "seeded"—the term, I believe, is sufficiently intelligible to everybody nowadays—has added to the interest and piquancy of the proceedings. It is quite amusing to follow the fortunes of the chosen and see how far they justify their selection. One of them, Harada, Japan's leading Davis Cup player, crashed on the first day, beaten by young Pierre Landry; and another, Raymond, the champion of South Africa, went down to Crole-Rees on the second. It is so easy to be wise after the event, and I could not help smiling at the writer who gravely assured us that he had always had his doubts as to whether Harada ought to have been included in the best eight men! He can hardly have paused to reflect what a commotion there would have been if Harada, who has beaten Johnston, Lacoste, and Cochet, had *not* been selected. Equally certain is it that Raymond could not have been passed over, though he did not happen to justify his inclusion. Crole-Rees is a man who on his day might hold up anybody, but he is not overburdened with stamina; his first-round match was a trying one, and Raymond took such a lot of the stuffing out of him that the sturdy Gregory was able to pummel him to pieces next day. This is the fortune of war, and it just shows that lawn tennis players cannot be placed with certainty in an order of merit any more than racehorses or greyhounds.

Photographs *L.N.A.*

A DUTCH COMPETITOR

H. Timmer, of Holland, deals with a shot from P. Landry, of France, in the third round of the Men's Singles Championship. After a close match he won by 7-5, 6-4, 3-6, 8-6

SERVICE!

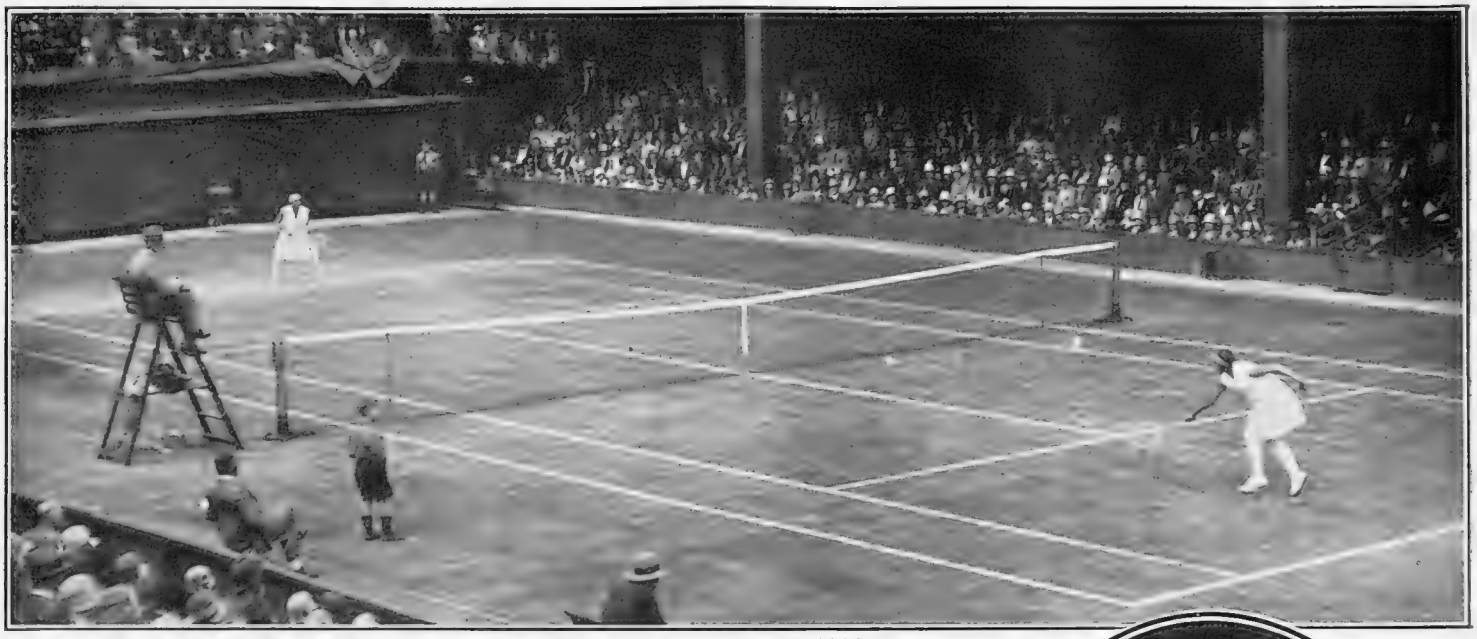
Señorita de Alvarez in play against Mrs. T. M. Mavrogordato in the fourth round of the Ladies' Singles. She won comfortably by 6-3, 6-0

THE best match of those that took place on the first three days was that in which Brugnon, one of the selected, beat Froitzheim, the German "ace" who ought to have been top dog at Wimbledon in 1914. Froitzheim is getting on in years; he has to husband his strength and his wind, and he does it extraordinarily well. So powerful are his shots and so cleverly are they aimed at the right spot in the other fellow's court that it is very hard to get him on the run. But Brugnon on Wednesday was in his most devastating mood nearly all the time; he was scoring outright winners from all parts of the court. He has suffered in the past at Wimbledon through being foot-faulted (quite legitimately) at awkward moments, and it was partly owing to a foot-fault, as well as to the German's good play, that Froitzheim was able to collar him in the third set. He looked for a brief space like curling up, but he didn't. In the fourth set he attacked his man again with complete confidence, got the lead early, and held it to end, after Froitzheim had made a violent last-ditch effort. Applause was given as heartily to the loser as to the winner.

AS I write, two of the eight selected ladies are out (of which more anon), and one or two of the other six have been up against it. Miss Sterry played the game of her life against Miss Wills in the first round, and, besides taking the second set, made a valiant pull-up from a hopeless position in the third. Her placing was really fine. But I have noticed that Miss Wills is a little bit inclined to take matters easily against opponents whom she is practically certain of beating. Little Miss Tapscott, whose bare legs carry her more swiftly about the court than any other girl in the tournament, not even excepting Miss Fry, also did extraordinarily well against Mrs. Godfree after a positively dismal start. She pulled up from 0—4 to 4—4 in the second set, and eventually made a 'vantage bout of it, from which Mrs. Godfree did not succeed in extricating herself until the eighteenth game.

MISS NUTHALL, aged 16, *versus* Fraulein Aussem, aged 18, was an intriguing bout, and the camera men (as usual where "rising talent" is concerned) were all over it. Naturally, being such a youngster, "Betty" is not renowned for her consistency; but when her big drives, at which she has been schooled to peg away regardless of the consequences, are coming off she is a perfect terror even to anyone who is in the front row, and on Wednesday she fairly bombarded the German girl's defences until they were shattered. Fraulein Aussem "stuck it" well enough in the first set, and often gave back as good as she got, but in the second Miss Nuthall was able to come up to the net at times and round off her assaults with a bit of volleying.

ON Thursday "Betty" went, not one, but several, better. She smote Mrs. Mallory, America's champion, and one of the chosen eight, off the court. She lost the first set, which was closer than the score indicates, mainly through bad luck, and also



Pathé Pictures

THE EPIC OF COURT NO. 1

A general view of the match between Miss Betty Nuthall and Mrs. Mallory. An idea of the immense interest it aroused may be gathered from the crowds occupying every vantage-point around the court

A FINE BACKHANDER *Topical*

Jean Borotra photographed making a lightning return in his match against E. Higgs. After a hard struggle Borotra won by 6-1, 2-6, 1-6, 6-2, 6-2

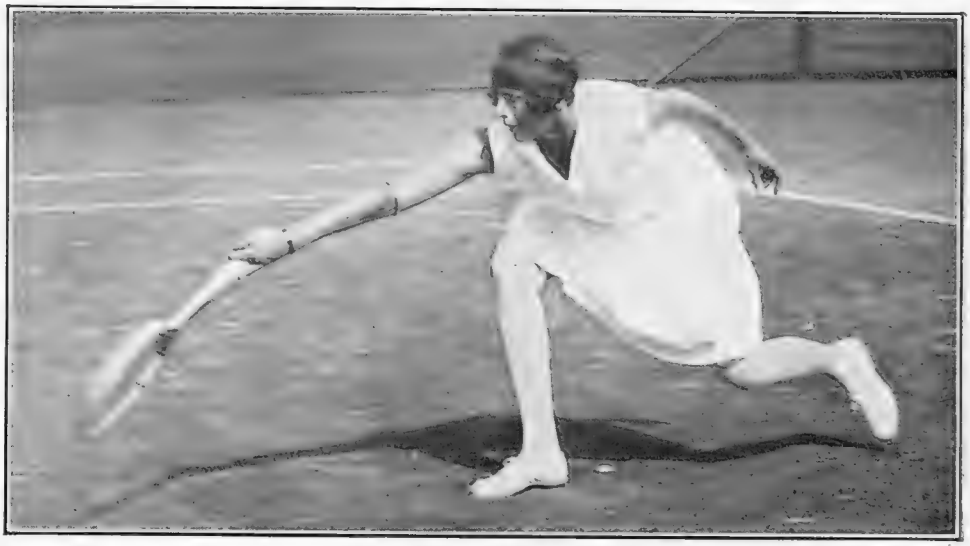
because she was taking sighting shots for the hail of bullets which was to come. When it started to pelt in the second set Mrs. Mallory was almost as helpless as if she had been in No Man's Land. She rallied bravely in the third set, but it was of no avail. Miss Nuthall was pounding the ball down to within inches of the baseline in attack and making winners off shots that would have beaten most women and a good many men in defence. It was a genuine triumph of youthful exuberance based on brainwork which would have done credit to an old campaigner. Youngster as she is, she cannot always hope to rise to such heights, but, whatever may have happened to her between last Thursday and the appearance of this issue, she has made history, and is going to make a lot more within the next few years. Even if she has made no further progress in this year's championship, there is no doubt that she is a potential champion.

S

ANOTHER of the "chosen eight" who bit the dust on Thursday was Miss Heine, the baby of South Africa's trio. This disaster was foreshadowed when she only struggled home against Miss Rose in the first round. Mrs. Michael Watson, who has proved herself before now the equal of our "one and only" Mrs. Godfree, was her conqueror in a match of which I did not see nearly enough. I had to leave it when they were winning games turn and turn about in the final set. Eventually Mrs. Watson managed to win two running, and that was all that there was to it—just another illustration of the big difference between the little more and the little less.

THE SMILE OF VICTORY *P. & A.*

Miss Betty Nuthall shaking hands with Mrs. Mallory after their great match, in which Miss Nuthall made tennis history by winning 2-6 6-2, 6-0



GETTING DOWN TO IT *Sport and General*

Mrs. Watson (Great Britain) photographed taking a low one from Miss Heine (S. Africa). Mrs. Watson won by 4-6 6-3, 7-5

DOGGY HEADQUARTERS

THE OPEN TRAIL

By "THE KENNELMAN"

LIVERPOOL holds its one-day Championship Show to-day (Wednesday); and there are also good little Shows at Cheltenham and at Liphook and Haslemere. In less than a fortnight—July 12—comes that always popular *al fresco* function: the Richmond Show.

"It is obviously worth while to belong to the specialist club of the particular breed one fancies," writes a "Home Counties Dog-lover," who proceeds to add that he wishes, in addition, to know of some more central and "generally doggy club." For the ordinary social amenities most people naturally prefer the ordinary social clubs, in which there is nowadays no dearth of doggy members. For the rest, the Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly) is the recognised headquarters of British dogdom, and by long odds the most important and best-run organisation of its kind in the world. The limited extent of its accommodation and the immense total of official business it has to transact—quite three times the pre-War amount—naturally prevent its offering the sort of entertainment to be found in, say, the R.A.C.; but on the practical side the privileges and advantages for doggy folk attaching to membership of the K.C. are real and substantial. The subscription for Associates is extremely low, though it brings with it free supply of the monthly *Kennel Gazette* and the *Kennel Club Stud Book and Calendar*.

A correspondent in the Central Provinces of India writes:—"The general scepticism in England regarding the discovery of wolf-children in this country is natural enough, because general conditions at home make this sort of phenomena incredible to the untravelled, but you won't find many sceptics among folk who know anything of jungle life out here. I wonder if there have been any instances of Dogs playing the part of foster-mother to human babes in Europe?" As a matter of fact, the following paragraph occurred in a recent letter from a lady well known in the English doggy world. It was published in *Our Dogs* on May 27:—

"I know a baby (now grown up) who was suckled by a Collie bitch with great success. The mother died (this was in Scotland, and the father was alone). The bitch had the baby and one puppy in the nest, and the baby sucked just like the puppy."

Thanks chiefly to the sportsmanlike activities of one or two leading Bloodhound fanciers, we are given occasional glimpses of Hound Trailing in the Southern Counties and the Midlands; but, broadly speaking, it is in the North that this fascinating sport is established, and in the Lake country that most of it is seen. It's hard to say why this should be so, for we have many of the finest Hounds in the world in the South, and, beyond a little preliminary organisation and a couple of men to lay a suitable trail—a drag consisting of a bundle of rags soaked in aniseed or turps is as good as anything—there are no difficulties or expense involved in Hound Trailing. And no mechanical quarry ever invented can yield so fine a spectacle as that of the Hounds on a breast-high scent, racing over a cross-country trial.

For some queer reason the idea still prevails that the Bloodhound is no sort of a home companion for ordinary Dog-lovers, and so we see rather less of this beautiful and classic breed than of most others. Yet, apart from outstanding beauty of line and expression, their wonderful sagacity, dignity, and devotion make them ideal friends and companions, and no other animal is more emphatically a gentleman and a sportsman. The manners of a properly bred Bloodhound, indoors and out, are perfection.

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By Appointment to H.M. King of Spain.

The Order of Dionysus

ATMOSPHERE AND PERSONALITY

TO the average woman shopping is an emotion and a joy; to the average man it is a bore and a distraction. When she sets out to discover fresh adornment for her body, woman feels an anticipatory thrill, whilst man sallies forth, heavy-browed and surly, irritated at the prospect of a dull compulsory adventure.

One of the reasons for this diversity of impression is that women are subtly catered for in leisured and artistic surroundings whilst men are not.

The atmosphere of Pope and Bradley's is unique. The principals of the firm have designed the conduct of their business to suit the convenience of their customers. To ensure a perfect-fitting garment it is essential for a man to pay two or three visits in order to be fitted. The boredom of this necessary process is ameliorated. The fitting-rooms and lounge-rooms are furnished as a club, in which the customers are received as guests, and where no licensing restrictions can possibly prohibit comfort.

Hence the process of being fitted is no longer thought of as a tiresome ordeal, but is considered as a pleasant leisure.

Upon occasions, in a world of pseudo-artistry and blatant advertisement, when red-nosed crudity earns three hundred pounds a week, and a genius portraying Shakespeare's characters can only gain a precarious livelihood, it would be foolish to disguise legitimate commercial argument. The staff of cutters who execute the orders placed with Pope and Bradley are not only the finest craftsmen in England, they are unquestionably the finest craftsmen in the world. In no spirit of arrogance is it asserted that none, in Paris or New York, has any pretensions to approach their skill. Which is why all the best-dressed men of Europe and the United States come to London to buy their clothes.

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Reflections of a Café Royalist

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5—10 Minutes' daily practice at Home.

NO HEART STRAIN. NO DIETING WHATEVER.

Gentleman before treatment

A NEW LETTER from General Bruce

BRIG.-GENERAL the Hon. C. G. BRUCE, C.B., M.V O., the well-known leader of the famous Mount Everest Expedition, writes:—

Dear Mr. Abplanalp, 11th January, 1927.

As I have now come to nearly the end of my second year with you, I am writing to tell you again how much I appreciate the great benefit I have received from your System which, in itself, is so different in principle from any other that I have seen.

I think I can safely say that I am now in better condition all round than I have been for many years. It certainly has done wonders for my general health and suppleness in particular. It is a real medicine for stiffening middle age.

I am telling all my friends about it, and I wish I could make everybody besides believe in it as completely as I do myself.

You are quite at liberty to publish this letter if you think so fit.

Wishing you continued success, and with kind regards,

I remain yours very truly, (Sgd.) C. G. BRUCE.

(General Bruce is 61 years of age)

Same Gentleman after Two Months

These two absolutely genuine photographs, which were taken of the same gentleman, show the weight and girth reduction after the use of my apparatus for less than three months. No dieting of any kind was applied, and no drugs whatsoever were used. During this period he lived exactly in the same way as before the Treatment. I can, at any time, produce an official document signed by the client himself and countersigned by the Photographers who took the pictures, and by an official Solicitor on behalf of the Municipality of Bale, which proves in every detail the truth of this statement.

LOST 2 STONE.
WAIST DECREASED 9½ ins.

Dear Sir, 29th October, 1926.

"I should like to express to you my great appreciation of the Abplanalp course of exercise. Within three months of using the apparatus I lost two stone in weight and my waist measurement decreased 9½ inches. I feel and look better in every way."

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) J. W. R.

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"My waist has decreased 7½ ins."
(Sgd.) Sir F. D. D.

17th August, 1926.

"I am feeling very much fitter and my waist line has decreased considerably . . . Everyone is surprised at my improved figure . . . My digestion has improved beyond all hopes."
(Sgd.) Commander R.M.

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The examples shown here are all at

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Sport and General

THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND PASSING THE CAFÉ ROYAL ON THEIR WAY UP REGENT STREET

A STREET OF PALACES

THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE NEW REGENT STREET

MANY of our Monarchs in the course of our history have opened bridges, but the King and Queen are the first English Sovereigns who have opened a thoroughfare. Their Majesties' "informal drive" through the new Regent Street last Thursday afternoon on their way to the London University therefore makes history.

It is true that the ceremonies usual on such occasions—the making of speeches, the cutting of a tape—were lacking. But no ceremony was needed. The mere fact of the King and Queen driving in semi-State in a four-horsed landau with postillions and crimson-liveried outriders down the length of our new Regent Street is testimony to an English triumph in street architecture. That drive, with thousands of people crowded on the wide pavements and filling every window in the new buildings that all soar skywards—there were even people on the roofs—had more significance than any ceremonial.

Pathé Pictures

AT WATERLOO PLACE

The King and Queen in their carriage at Waterloo Place. They are seen receiving an address from the Mayor of Westminster

REGENT STREET is an expression of something in the national spirit that has come into being since the War—the application of modern science and modern ideas of utility to our inheritance of the architecture of an older world. The King and Queen's "informal drive" marked Their Majesties' understanding that to-day commerce, art, and science have joined hands, and that Regent Street has risen—a lofty Phœnix, I grant you—from the dust and ashes of its former painted stucco, as a monument and expression of the street architecture of our time.

THE Royal drive through Regent Street had an historical interest for Messrs. Hedges and Butler, since it chanced to mark the two hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the establishment of their firm. Think of it! Thirty years make a generation. So your double great-grandfather and mine bought their wine at Hedges and Butler—that is, if they were discerning folk and knew good wine. In those days, however, this firm had its home in Hungerford Street, off the Strand, and thither our ancestors would go on the important business of restocking their cellars. We, being the inheritors of the ages, go to Hedges and Butler in London's finest street.

REGENT STREET owes its existence to two Acts of Parliament. By the first Act Regent's Park was created out of a stretch of land known as Marylebone Park, which had reverted to the Crown. As a *quid pro quo* for the gift of the park to the lieges the Crown reserved the right to "build on the ground adjoining it." Hence the terraces of houses round Regent's Park. They were all designed by John Nash, the favourite architect of George IV, as Prince Regent.

THIS was in 1811. Two years later a suggestion was put forward that a wide thoroughfare should be made from Carlton House, which the Prince Regent had built at immense cost on the site of what is now Carlton House Terrace, direct to the new Regent's Park. The suggestion, which had the strong support of the Regent himself, resulted in the second Act of Parliament authorising the building of Regent Street. A congerie of small alleys and streets lying between Carlton House and Piccadilly was swept away, Waterloo Place and Lower Regent Street arising in its stead, and leading to the famous Quadrant in Regent Street—two rows of shops with projecting colonnades. These colonnades, however, were taken down twenty-eight years after the street was built because they darkened the shops. The only portion remaining was in front of the County Fire Office, and this architectural feature has been retained in the new building.

THE NEW REGENT STREET *Sport and General*

The Royal procession photographed passing Liberty's handsome building at the opening of the reconstructed Regent Street by the King last Thursday. The enthusiasm was so great that in the background the crowd can be seen bursting across the street to follow in the wake of the Royal carriages

NASH was the architect of Regent Street, and until Napoleon III and Baron Haussmann rebuilt Paris his work was one of the finest shopping thoroughfares in Europe. But it was a Regent Street of stucco, for which Nash had an absorbing passion, and applied to all his buildings, no matter what they were. This passion was very neatly mocked at in the following epigram:—

"Augustus at Rome was for building renown'd,
For of marble he left what of brick he had found;
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
He finds us all brick and he leaves us all plaster."

THERE were many lamentations when the old Regent Street began to fall under the house-breaker's pick; more lamentations and adverse criticism when the first of the new buildings began to arise. One critic said of them that they reminded him of an American film-producer's ideas of the buildings of ancient Babylon. But these criticisms were

(Continued on page ii)

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T. WESTON

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made too soon, and now, with the exception of one or two gaps, the new Regent Street is completed, and once more takes its place amongst the finest thoroughfares of the world.

that produced Versailles is the best basis. This is shown especially in Messrs. Swan and Edgar's building, with its high windows latticed in white. It reminds one of some Parisian palace

Germain. Further on, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company's shop strikes a severer note, but still French, with its high *mansarde* roof. And at the Oxford Circus end of the street you find French influence very strong at Messrs. Jays, but with an excursion into classicism in the lofty supporting columns.

THE REGENT STREET THAT WAS

Above is seen a sweeping curve of Regent Street as it appeared before the latest building operations again changed its appearance. Last Thursday the King officially opened this famous street, which was specially beflagged for the occasion

OUR new Regent Street proves incontestably that for effect of line, solidity combined with gracefulness, and sweeping boldness, the French architecture of the eighteenth century. The Café Royal, too, with its iron balcony and fine lanterns on either side of the doorway, is reminiscent of the Faubourg St.

LIBERTY'S shop is particularly interesting because just round the corner is their second shop, a splendid example of the only national architecture we have ever evolved—the Tudor—in vivid contrast to the Græco-Romano palace they have built in Regent Street. Theirs is the only shop in the street with an incurved front. Eight columns support a semi-circular entablature, above which is a semi-circular frieze carved with vigorous figures. But the curved line of the top of the frieze is somewhat marred by three figures on the top, apparently supposed to be looking down on the traffic of the splendid new thoroughfare.

REGENT STREET has become a street of palaces. From Piccadilly Circus to Vigo Street there is a superb sweep of building, the side streets, as far as Glasshouse Street, being brought into the continuity of the line by being spanned by massive arches, each supporting two lofty columns. The old Regent Street stood for a hundred years. The new Regent Street looks as if it will stand for centuries, and is the finest street of shops in Europe. FRANK HIRD.

The Car for the Connoisseur.

BIANCHI

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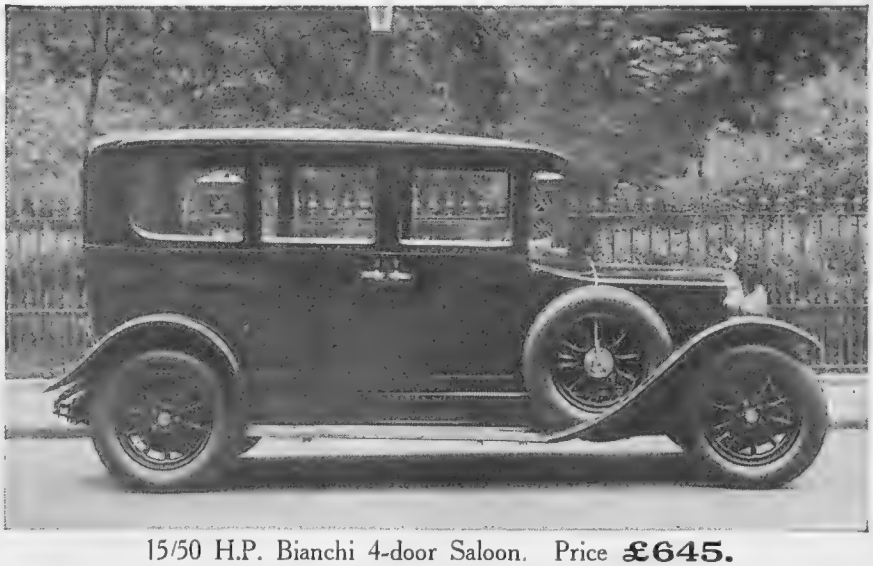

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There are many four-cylinder cars of about the same engine capacity as the Bianchi which are quite fast on top and third gears, but few of them give one the sensation of real power instantly available.

In view of the comfort it affords and the very fast hill-climbing of which it is capable, we should say that the 15-50 h.p. Bianchi would be a most suitable car either for the motorist who habitually drives in mountainous districts or for one who frequently makes long journeys at a high average speed.—*The Motor.*

15/50 H.P. Bianchi 4-door Saloon. Price **£645.**

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Dîner.

Hors d'Oeuvres Parisien.
Coquille de Foie Gras.
Melon frappé—Grape fruit.
Barquette de caviar frais.

Consommé froid en tasse.

Coquilles de Homard Thermidor.
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Made of Herculean Double French Voile, specially prepared in the Warner Factories, and guaranteed not to rust, break, or tear

Ask to see the Warner Shadow Wrap-around (such as the figure on the left holds), Model No. 0303, sizes 24-34, **32/6**; or the Warner Shadow Corselette (such as the figure is wearing), Model No. 3354, sizes 32-42, **32/6**; also Model No. 0307, size 23-32, **16/9**, and Model No. 0311, Suspender Belt, sizes 24-32, **12/9** (all side-fastening models).

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The Warner Shadow underbelt (illustrated on the right) Model No. 3470, sizes 34-50, **63/-**, is designed for full figures, giving abdominal support and diaphragm control. The boned outer garment gives a smooth line and effect of slimness

Illustrated Brochure, "The Keynote of the Costume," fully describing the Warner Shadow Garments, sent on request.

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AT THE SAVOY *De Barron*

Rosery and Capella, the sensational exhibition dancers who have gained a lot of attention recently. They are performing in the restaurant of the Savoy Hotel every evening

Femina

THE BLUE LEAGUE OF GOODNESS

By "CANDIDA"

WHEN I'm asked to give my views on things, or, worse still, when a blank page confronts me and I know that it waits for the sound opinions I must express—then, I confess, I find the business of having views an arduous one. Views, you see, aren't solid things at all. They change from day to day, and, more likely than not, I shall be faithless to-morrow to the loves of yesterday. It's on such shifting sands as these that fashion builds her house. Last summer, for instance, I was convinced that we never had, and never could have, anything nicer than the stuff we were wearing just then. To that perfect end we'd laboured for years; I can still hear myself saying it, though I ought to have known better. Because it's best to have no views at all about *Madame la Mode*. She's always right whatever happens, and it's only we who make mistakes. So why criticise? When we do we're laughed at for our pains, like those funny old gentlemen for whom whatever is—is wrong. The only way to enjoy life is to question nothing, to criticise nothing, and to know that whatever is—is right.

ALL the same I'm wondering why blue should be the rage this summer? All the nice people were wearing it at Ascot, so I've heard and read. Incidentally they weren't; or if they were they were lost in the crowd. You can't get any clear impression of the last word at a function which is like a very crowded, very expensive, very protracted garden party to which everybody goes in practically everything. Some people said it was a black-and-white Ascot; it always is in the circles which consider black and white safe and tremendously *comme il faut*. It was a flowered chiffon Ascot, according to some opinions. Of course it was—up to a point. Lace was the great idea of the moment; and I've no doubt that there wasn't a greater, at least not for the people who like lace. Blue was worn by some of our best. So it was. And, to sum up, it was the most brilliant Ascot we'd seen for years. It always is.

IT'S obvious all the same that blue is enjoying a little flutter of its own. Why not? it reminds one of such charming things. Azure skies and turquoise seas, midsummer madness, a slip of a pale blue frock and a heart of eighteen inside it. Could anything be nicer, and don't we always adore the latest in frocks—and even in hearts? But it's a mercy that they can't invent any new colours. Life wouldn't be worth living if, season after season, we had to change our colour sense as we do our opinions, our likes and dislikes, etc. Under their new French names they still remain unchanged, those loves of our youth, those friends of our middle age, those consolations of the something beyond it. Blue is always blue, however much it's flecked with shades of green or crossed with depths of purple. Blue is always blue, whether you call it delphinium or gentian, whether it's pastel or *bleu Nattier*. It hasn't the worldliness of yellow, the blatancy of red, or the detachment of purple. It's simple, direct and sincere, and it's loved by all good people who are simple and sincere to match. Which isn't saying, of course, that those who have no use for it are necessarily bad. That would be going as far as the French diplomat who said *à propos* of one of our brilliant politicians with a gift for languages: "Never trust an Englishman who really knows French. He's no longer an Englishman."

THE craze for blue is not a cause; it's an effect. It isn't the fashion because some film star wore it and looked a dream in it so that everybody who never was, and never would be, a dream must needs go and do likewise. And it isn't the fashion just by way of reaction from the oranges and flames which we've loved and worn for so long. Honest blue is the fashion because honesty itself is the fashion; because there's been a return to the plain, unvarnished goodness that wasn't so much as mentioned a short time ago. Blue is the hall mark of all that's good and pure and noble. Blue is the only possible colour for angels' eyes and Madonnas' cloaks; I can't pretend to explain why. It's an outward and visible sign of an inward invisible grace that's come thus. Aspirations are not only felt; they're actually talked about and sometimes even realised. It's as if the wind of the Spirit blew from some lofty summit of a goodness and graciousness far removed from the stupid pettinesses which we call life.

AFTER THE WEDDING

Mr. Noel Maskelyne and his bride, Miss Isabel Jenkinson, after their wedding at All Souls, Langham Place. Mr. Maskelyne, who is a member of the famous family of magicians, takes part in the Maskelyne Mysteries at St. George's Hall

THERE'S no more talk of living one's life regardless of other people's lives; no more taking with both hands all that's not even offered one; no more brutal vindications of one's right to be happy at the expense of the happiness of others. The "new" recipe for happiness may be as old as the world, or, let's say, as the Sermon on the Mount, but it's something to have it remembered at this time of day. All our latest heroes are good. How the whole world approved when Captain Lindbergh rushed back to his mother who had waited and watched for him as the mother of sorrows has always waited and watched for her heroic son ever since the world began!

Le beau geste is the only possible gesture. But it was erring a bit on the incongruous side to turn goodness into a routine and a duty as they did in France the other day when they started a "Goodness" week with speeches and things at the Sorbonne. To be good to order for a week won't encourage the habit for a lifetime. And it doesn't follow either that all the pretty women who're wearing blue are as good as they're pretty. But you're welcome to hope for the best.

CANDIDA.

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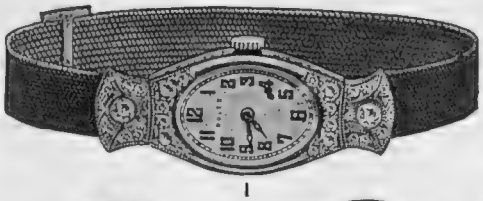

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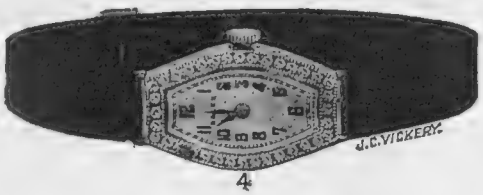

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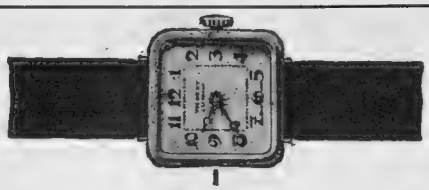

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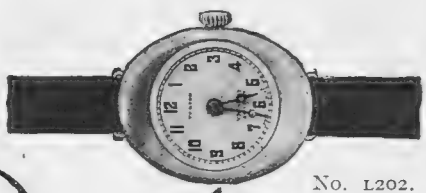

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MOTOR NOTES

ROUGH GOING

A 9/20 h.p. Humber on a Lowland hill track. A feature of its performance is the excellent springing, which was referred to in last week's issue

Does the new body line with high sides and long low windows mean actually less head-room than we are accustomed to? One of the most interesting cars I have tried this year was a big four-cylinder Peugeot of 23-65 h.p., with a fine saloon limousine body by Victor Broom. This is a chassis of exceedingly generous ground clearance; the actual seating is high and the visibility from the driver's seat all that could be desired. Yet the car has most distinctive modern lines. That these have not been obtained at the sacrifice of any serious proportion of head-room was one of the first impressions I obtained in this fine body, in which I had a spell in both compartments, so to speak—for there is a sliding glass partition between front and rear. In other respects it was a noteworthy example of the coachbuilder's craft, and lacked nothing either in finish or fittings. But most interesting was to see how the designer had obtained four wide doors with extreme ease of entry to any seat, two occasional seats of generous proportions, and ample head-room, on a chassis of a fraction under 11 ft. 6 in.

***

The car itself is typical of French four-cylinder practice. The engine is of 95 × 135 mm. bore and stroke, i.e., nearly 4 litres capacity, carrying a tax of £23. It has double sleeves with special and separate lubrication for these, detachable cylinder head, five-bearing crankshaft, four-speed gear, and four-wheel brakes. The top gear is fairly high, and a speed of well over 60 m.p.h. is obtainable, while, thanks to third being also on the high side, 50 m.p.h. is attainable on this ratio and over 30 m.p.h. on second, on which even the steepest hill outside the freak variety should be climbable. The engine balance does not, of course rival that of a six-cylinder, while the brakes are operated mechanically, i.e, without the assistance of a servo motor. But this car is intended primarily as a chauffeur-driven vehicle, with ample body capacity on a reasonably economical size of chassis, and enough speed, power and endurance to go anywhere.

***

It is not generally known that the well-established Dewandre system of Vacuum-servo braking can be fitted to some light cars, and that the installation is by no means costly. Tests recently made by Messrs. Rootes Ltd., of Devonshire House, W.1, have been so satisfactory that this well-known firm has made arrangements at their chief service station, Lodge Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.8, for the fitting of Dewandre brakes to Clyno cars. It is stated that the standard Clyno saloon so fitted is capable of being brought to rest from the following speeds in the remarkably short distances indicated after each:—15 m.p.h., 7 ft.; 25 m.p.h. 24 ft. (roughly 8 paces); 40 m.p.h., 74 ft.

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Her Majesty the Queen of Norway has recently honoured Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., by issuing a Royal Warrant appointing them to be her Automobile Advisers and suppliers of motor carriages.

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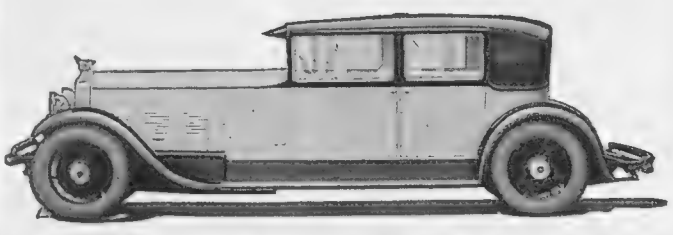

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L. Healey

However good a grill may be, without Lea and Perrins Sauce, it's not as good as it might be. Ask for Lea and Perrins by name.

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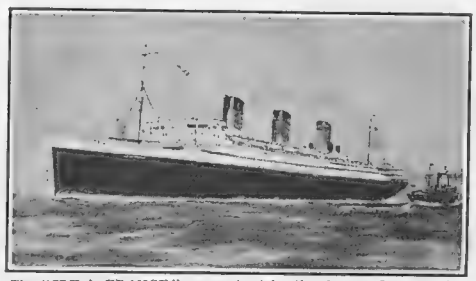
43,548 *Tons.* 52,000 *H.P.* 9 *Decks.* 23 *Knots.*

With the advent of the French Line's new 43,548 ton flagship, the zenith of splendour and elegance has been reached. It is difficult to conceive of a more perfectly artistic achievement than this latest ocean giant.



The "ILE-de-FRANCE" comes to join the famous French Line fliers "France" and "Paris" on the regular service.

Its interior is a veritable museum of ultra-modern decorative art—the dreams of many master designers, whose inspirations created such a sensation at the recent Exhibition of Decorative Arts in Paris. Marvels in resplendent lacquer, etched glass, crystal, marbles and silks. Majestic saloons in exquisite taste. Unique indirect lighting effects.

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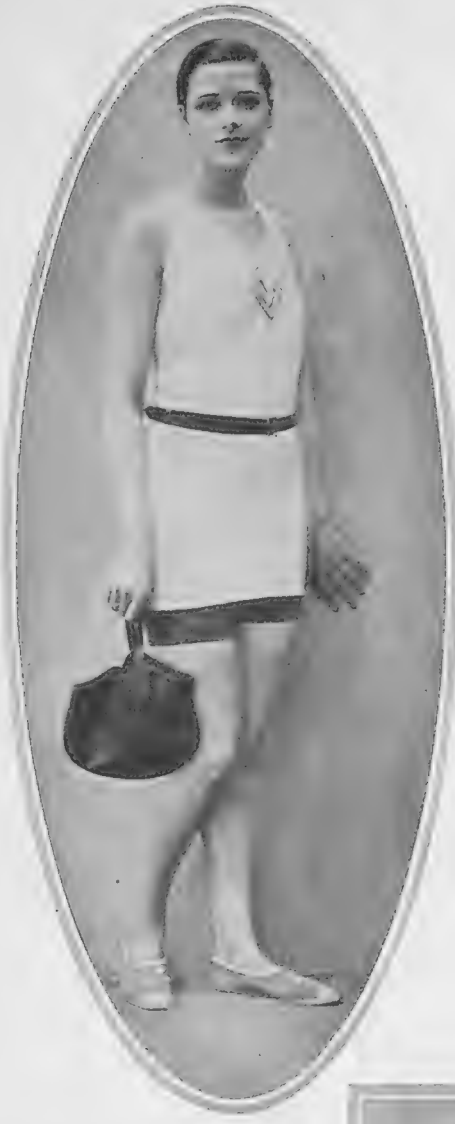
Fashion's Fancies

By THÉRÈSE



A smart but practical bathing suit in black and white wool stockinette to be obtained at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.1

Deauville Beckons

Now that the season is on the wane we begin to think longingly of the golden sands and beckoning sea at Deauville, and to search for some alluring bathing suits to bedazzle the eyes of the beach watchers there, and for smart Casino gowns to don later on in the day. I wandered the other morning through the attractive stores of Frederick Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, and was told some of their sale secrets which will be available on July 14. For beach use at Deauville there are original-looking sunshades in printed marocain of oriental design and shadings, with wide organdi borders in black or colours, that are to be sold at 15*s.* *Chic* washing *suède* and doeskin gloves, with embroidered and perforated cuffs, are only 3*s.* 11*d.* and 4*s.* 11*d.* a pair; and to slip on during cool summer evenings, or for Casino wear, there are smart wrap-coats, fur-trimmed, and with cosy fur collars, that are veritable bargains, as they are being reduced to 98*s.* 6*d.* and 69*s.* 6*d.* from 10½ guineas.

Outs zes in Gowns

Not everyone achieves the slim fashionable figure, no matter how much "banting" they practise, and such persons often experience considerable difficulty in procuring a smart-looking gown to fit them. Frederick Gorringe, Ltd., specialise in outsizes, and in their Inexpensive Gown Department is to be found a vast selection of such dresses. In the forthcoming sale, therefore, will be cool cotton voile frocks in outsizes from 30*s.*, and for more dressy occasions others in the finest rep, and lace and silk marocain materials. One marocain model obtainable in black and various shades owned an especially attractive sleeve, cut to flow outwards from the elbow, and also possessed a tight underskirt, and long over-tunic. All subtle touches to minimise *embonpoint*.

An alluring bathing costume for Deauville in black artificial silk and taffeta to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's

Elwin Neame

An attractive pink silk crêpe de Chine nightdress with needle-run lace that came from Walpole Brothers

Fashions in Bathing Suits

The bathing suits sketched above are obtainable at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.1. The one on the right is in black artificial silk, with an over-flounce of black taffeta cut in a quaint design that subtly suggests "Eve's fig leaves"! Each scallop of the "leaf" is bound with blue silk braid. An attractive "shingle" bonnet, with blue mackintosh flowers and strings to tie under the wearer's chin, completes a *chic* beach creation. The bathing kit on the left is more practical in design, being of wool stockinette, the knickers black, and the over-blouse white, with an embroidered monogram. Their sale commences on July 4, and all the model bathing costumes will be considerably reduced, Milanese silk suits being obtainable in numerous shades for as low as 21*s.* Also included in the sale is an original-looking cloak-shawl in black, trimmed with wide silk

fringe, and exquisitely embroidered in oxidised and coloured silks, which will be reduced to £6 6s.

Smart Hats for Casino Wear

THOSE of you who are wanting smart Casino hats should visit Marshall and Snelgrove's, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1, where during their sale, which is in progress, all models are greatly reduced. One exquisite Parisian model I saw was in beige-colour straw, the wide brim lined with beaver velvet. A daring splash of colour was effectively introduced by orange-shaded roses that nestled against the wearer's hair.

Listening to the world's news over the wireless from the latest Amplion Cone Loud-speaker as manufactured by Graham Amplion, Ltd., Savile Row, W.1

A smart raincoat in rubber-proofed tiger skin velvet, and some waterproofed cretonne air cushions for travelling use, to be seen at The Anderson Rubber Co.

Fascinating Lingerie

THE nightdress shown at the foot of the previous page came from Walpole Brothers', New Bond Street, Sloane Street, and Kensington High Street, and is only 39s. 11d. It is in pink silk *crêpe de Chine*. The neck, trimmed with beige needle-run lace, is cut in a novel straight line across the base of the throat. This design can be copied in any other colours if desired. Their sale, which has commenced, continues throughout July. Amongst the attractive bargains to be obtained are Shantung silk wrappers cut on the lines of a man's dressing-gown, and intended to wear over very feminine pyjama suits. These may be purchased from 39s. 11d. Other bargains to be found are washing *crêpe de Chine* dresses at 69s. 6d., and linen frocks at 15s. 11d.

For Baby's Wear

FOR baby's wear on the beach I saw a quaint smocked zephyr frock with accompanying bloomers. A delightfully practical garment that had the additional advantage of only costing 15s. 6d. It was made in buff, and saxe hyacinth, the latter shade is such a favourite with Princess Mary. Walpole's linen sheets are famous, and there will be some wonderful bargains going in these and in other household linens.

Bringing the World to Our Hearth

IN these days of Atlantic fliers, and other exciting events, we are all anxious to keep in close touch with the world's news, and our radio sets wax consequently in importance. The loud-speaker sketched at the top of this page may be seen in the salons of Graham Amplion, 25, Savile Row, W.1, and is the "Dark Oak" model. Its cost is £6 6s., and the design is intended to especially harmonise with modern oak furniture. This firm are showing a variety of other designs, but the important fact to remember from the enjoyment point of view is the fidelity in reproducing sound of all their Amplion Cone Loud-speaker models, and the absence for the listener-in of any irritating "megaphone" effect

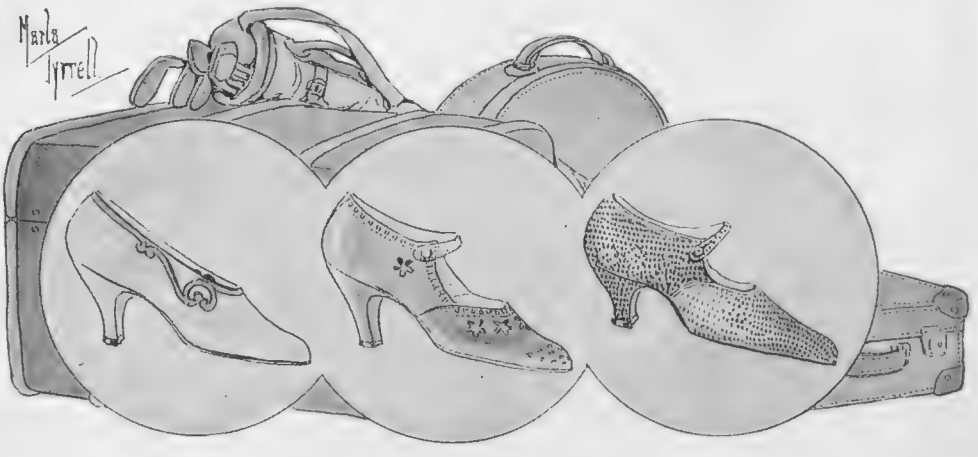
A Fashionable Raincoat

THE period when a wet day necessitated us enveloping ourselves in some serviceable but unattractive-looking garment is relegated to the limbo of the past. The Anderson Rubber Co. are responsible for the smart-looking coat sketched on the left. The material is rubber-proofed tiger skin velvet, of a delightfully soft "feel" and quality, the markings being particularly well-reproduced. The rubber-proof interior of the coat is mauve in colouring, and the price of this uncommon garment is only 84s. This firm have small air cushions for travelling in waterproofed cretonnes for as low as 5s. Lightweight waterproofed silks are still in great demand for wet weather wear, and a variety of coats and cloaks in this material may be seen in their showrooms.

A New Opalescent Glacé Kid Shoe

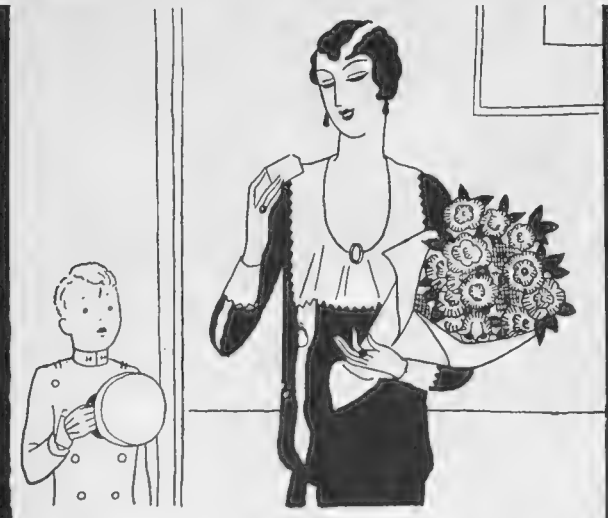
THE shoes sketched below are to be found at Randall's, 171, Regent Street, W.1 The "Daphne" model at 38s. 6d. in the centre is in caramel and pale beige, and carried out in the new opalescent *glacé* kid, which has the great merit of not requiring any cream to cleanse it, but merely a rapid wipe-over with a cloth dipped in cold water. To the right is sketched the popular lizard skin shoe, "Lionne Last," priced at 84s. The fawn beige markings are particularly well executed, and it is obtainable in various shadings. Just now the Court shaped shoe is in great demand for outdoor wear. One at 50s., shown on the left, is a delicate peach beige, the

(*Continued on page* xii)



Three models of the smartest and most up-to-date walking shoes in glacé kid, opalescent glacé, and the popular lizard skin, sketched at Randall's, Regent Street, W.1

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell



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The prospect of an evening's dancing holds no thought of tired, aching feet, and there will be no desire to slip off your dance shoes under cover of a friendly supper table.

STOP SUFFERING TO-DAY

It is a sheer delight to have such absolute comfort and to realise too that your shoes are positively beautiful.

Have a foot comfort specialist—not a mere shoe salesman—fit you TO-DAY, *or if you cannot call, send for PEDAPTA "Foot Imprint" form* which enables us to select for you the shoes you need.

55/-

There are many attractive models at
29/6

PEDAPTA
ARCH FITTING SHOE

only at

309, OXFORD ST
BABERS LTD.

B6-27

cut-outs being executed in beige to tone. It has the new rounded toe that makes the wearer's feet appear smaller, and is extremely graceful looking.

The Home Comfortable

WE are always being told about the "Home Beautiful," but surely it is just as important, if not more so, to emphasise the need of comfort? Our homes should, above all else, provide a refuge in which our weary brains and limbs may relax. Williamson and Cole, of High Street, Clapham, have succeeded in combining beauty and comfort, as witnessed by the accompanying sketch. It is called "Pampus," and has the particular merit of fitting into the base of your back. The price for this comfort is only £5 19*s.* 6*d.* in plain lining, or as shown in an attractive loose cretonne cover, £8 12*s.* 6*d.* Another delightful chair I saw was called the "Lady's Sewing Chair" and has a restful Georgian air about it. The arms were sufficiently low to enable you to sew or knit at pleasure, and the slightly projecting wings of the high upholstered back formed a pleasantly restful support for your head. With it all the price was only £8 8*s.*

A Chair for a Man

THE "Cleveland" chair seemed to have been particularly designed and built for a man owner, with its wide seat and broad arms. The one shown me was upholstered in the fashionable black Sunkina stripe poplin.

Unique Designs in Cretonnes

SOME of the designs in cretonnes shown by this firm are truly exquisite. The "Maitland," for instance, though cretonne, gives the illusion of being velvet. The background is a sunset effect in flame and scarlet, intermingled with black, on which are poised crested pheasants in Chinese blue, and the price asked for all this beauty of colour is only 3*s.* 11½*d.* a yard. Another particularly effective-looking cretonne with a black background showed shimmering-hued peacocks perched on brown boughs, and surrounded by flame and scarlet-coloured flowers, and was equally moderate. The "Verona" cretonne had been designed by an eminent artist, and in manufacturing it the subtle effect of an oil painting had been introduced.

THE "PAMPUS" CHAIR

Sold by Messrs. Williamson and Cole, of High Street, Clapham. It costs £5 19s. 6d. in plain lining, or £8 12s. 6d. in loose cretonne cover

Chinese Lacquer

WILLIAMSON AND COLE'S showrooms occupy over 30,000 square feet, and they have numerous rooms completely furnished as models for your inspection. I was shown some exquisite and rare lacquer. A bedroom suite in Chinese lacquer was priced at £110, and comprised a wardrobe, with the most exquisitely drawn Chinese figures on its panels, washstand, equally suitable as a writing-table, dressing-table and pedestal mirror, and bedside cabinet. The colouring was exceptionally mellowed and excellent, and lovers of Chinese lacquer work would do well to secure this bargain.

DO YOU WANT TO LOOK TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER?

MARVELS OF THE AESTHETO-PLASTIC PROCESS

ANY woman, whatever her age, who remembers the time when she was more beautiful—when her skin was firm and elastic—let her make this test: let her stand in front of a mirror and with the finger-tips smooth out the loose skin backwards towards the ears and up towards the temples. She will then see that age in the face only betrays itself by a superfluity of loose skin. As soon as the skin is made firm again the expression of the face, which has been marred by the formation of marks of age, worry or ill-health, is at once improved and the lost contour of the neck restored. This result is permanently and painlessly achieved by the Aestheto-Plastic Process which we have evolved and practised in London during the last 20 years.

BEFORE TREATMENT **AFTER TREATMENT**

These photographs are authentic and unretouched, and were taken before and a fortnight after the Aestheto-Plastic treatment. This lady may be seen and interviewed by all interested in the treatment

Thousands of prominent men and women, amongst them the best-known Society Ladies, beautiful Artists and Actresses, Beauty Specialists and Business Women, some of them journeying from the farthest parts of the globe, have benefited by this process for various facial improvements and corrections, be it for the removal of a disfiguring scar, a mole, a birthmark, exaggerated lines, wrinkled eyes, an unsightly nose, outstanding ears, or the complete rejuvenation of the face and neck, thereby restoring its contour to youthfulness. Without this aid many would have been compelled to retire from active life.

The process to which we allude is both a Science and an Art. Its practice demands exceptional skill and long experience. In the hands of the expert the most astonishing and wonderful results are achieved, making the face look from 10 to 20 years younger. Owing to its success the Aestheto-Plastic Process is now copied in all parts of the World by people who may not have the requisite scientific knowledge and skill, and through misadventure may easily endanger its reputation.

Very valuable information is contained in our book, "FACIAL REJUVENATION" (HOW TO LOOK YOUNG AGAIN), sent free.

Treated cases can be seen at our consulting rooms, between the hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Consultation free.

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Crawford's Whisky is the best money can buy . . . . . at any price. "Special Reserve" is mellow to the palate and has a fine full flavour by reason of its great age. The quality never varies, and it is a safe drink for daily use.

"Five Star" costs a little more—perfection usually does—it is for special occasions

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Have a *different* holiday this year-
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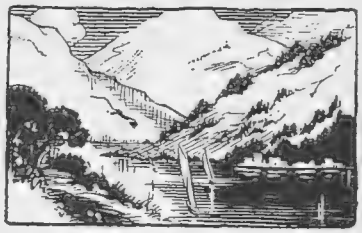
IN SUMMER



EASY to reach. Comfortable train service (with 2nd class sleepers). Lunch in London one day—and Austria the next. The journey's part of the holiday—and what a friendly and hospitable welcome!
There are scores of 'touring centres' to choose from—each unspoilt either by charges or by the wrong kind of tourist. There is nature in lavish mood: the majesty of mountain, the sweet peace of the countryside, lake and river fishing to satisfy the most ardent angler, and fascinating towns and villages—all are waiting to greet you. No taxes on British Subjects

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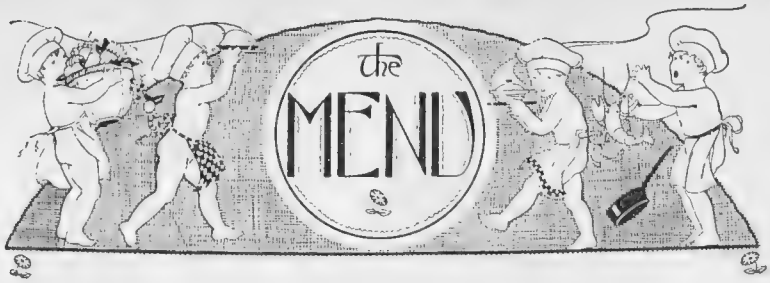

SAVOURIES

Croûtes of Caviare.
Devilled Lobster.
Buttered Crab.
Sardines Maître d'Hôtel.
Devilled Biscuits.
Bengal Toasts.

Croûtes of Caviare

Cut some pieces of bread half an inch thick and one inch wide, hollow out from the centre a little piece and fry a nice golden brown, and then fill up with caviare, flavour with a little lemon, butter, and a dust of Nepal pepper; put them in the oven, and serve very hot. A nice savoury.

Devilled Lobster

Take the meat from a lobster and sprinkle with a little cayenne pepper, chop it small, then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and one tomato cut up small. These must be stewed over the fire, stirring till boiling, and add a little made mustard. Have ready some squares of fried bread, put some of the devilled lobster on each, and sprinkle over a little chopped parsley.

Buttered Crab

Slice into small pieces the flesh of a crab, and put it into a saucepan with one ounce of butter, and heat it slowly, then pour over and thoroughly mix with it two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a seasoning of cayenne. Grate in a little nutmeg and, when it is hot through, serve it immediately, either in the shell of the crab or in scallop shells. If preferred, breadcrumbs can be strewn over and the dish browned in the oven.

Sardines Maître d'Hôtel

Chop a dessertspoonful of parsley, one very small slice of onion, also finely chopped, one tablespoonful of vinegar (chilli in preference). Stir these into half a cupful of melted butter, arrange some sardines on toast, and put the above sauce over them, adding a squeeze of lemon-juice and a little cayenne pepper just at the last.

Devilled Biscuits

Wash and bone some anchovies and pound them well with butter and cayenne. Fry some plain biscuits (Huntley and Palmer plain captain) in a little butter with salt and cayenne, and, while hot, spread with the mixture. Sprinkle with a few breadcrumbs on the top. Reheat in the oven for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

Bengal Toasts

Fry some diamond-shaped pieces of bread, and keep hot. Take two ounces of grated ham and tongue, and put it in a saucepan with one gill of milk, one ounce of chutney, and one ounce of grated cheese. Flavour with cayenne, and stir until creamy and quite hot. Spread thickly on the *croûtons*, and serve at once.

Emilia.

The Bystander

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DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

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For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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BEGINS MONDAY NEXT, JULY 4th,

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30 dozen **Men's Plain Coloured Poplin Pyjamas,** delightfully cool and guaranteed to give every satisfaction. Plain colours of Peach, Champagne, Sky and Mauve. Sizes 38 to 44. SALE PRICE **9/6**

50 dozen **Suits Men's Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas.** Guaranteed unshrinkable and fast colours. A most reliable cloth. In fancy block stripes of Helio., Saxe, Yellow and Orange. SALE PRICE **17/6**

40 dozen **Fine All-Wool Taffeta Pyjamas.** In neat broken stripes of Helio., Pink, Blue or Orange on White ground. Ideal Pyjamas for summer. SALE PRICE **22/6**

500 **Suits Men's All-Silk Pyjamas,** well tailored, guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear. Finished with good Pearl buttons. Neat block or broken stripes of Pink, Sky, Mauve on White ground. SALE PRICE **27/6**

50 dozen **Men's Mercerised Poplin Shirts** with **2 Collars** to match fitted with tab and stiffeners. The colours are guaranteed fast and the material retains its sheen after washing. In neat fancy designs, Blue/Black, Blue/Grey, Blue/Brown, Grey/Buff and Brown/Blue. SALE PRICE Including **2 Collars** **12/6** Usual Price 18/6

30 dozen only. **All Wool Taffeta Shirts** with double cuffs. An excellent material. Colours guaranteed fast. In stripes of Blue/White, Brown/White, Black/White and Mauve/White. SALE PRICE **11/6** Usual Price 16/6

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FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.—150 *yards from Victoria Station.*

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MOLESKIN CAPES

Illustrated is a delightful Cape in Moleskin, from choice full-furred Winter skins of reliable quality. Perfectly made and finished with an effective collar. Suitable for both day and evening wear. Typical of the wonderful value being offered. Winter Price 25 gns.

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Write for Free Illustrated Sale Catalogue.

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GUARANTEE *We actually produce the fur garments advertised, and are therefore able to fully guarantee both Quality and Reliability with the greatest confidence.*

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CITY FUR STORE

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We have no shop—Showrooms First Floor.

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"The smartest and lightest hat in the world." This charming hat has quite a character of distinction. Made of the finest fur-felt, the weight is negligible. Can be adapted to any shape, and will roll quite flat for travelling. Stocked in all the Latest Shades. Sizes. 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½. Price **29/6**

Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Mark.

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The greying of your hair need not distress you; it can be permanently recoloured by Inecto, so perfectly that the hair regains as well the tone and texture of youth.

Inecto recolouration is a scientific process accepted by hairdressers the world over as the one perfect hair recolourative. Yet Inecto is so simple to apply, that you may recolour your hair at home with every assurance of satisfactory results. The hair may afterwards be permanently or marcel waved.

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A HAPPY MOMENT

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Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.
THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS
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ANTISEPTIC ABSORBENT ECONOMICAL
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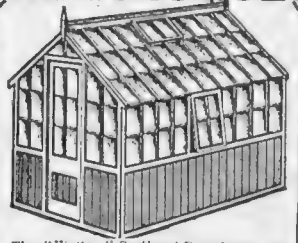

The "Walton" Sectional Greenhouse can be erected in 30 minutes with the aid of 16 bolts only, no nails, hammer, or saw required, all parts guaranteed to fit. Size 12ft. by 8ft., price £15 12s. Carr. paid to your station. Send for catalogue giving full particulars and prices of all sizes.
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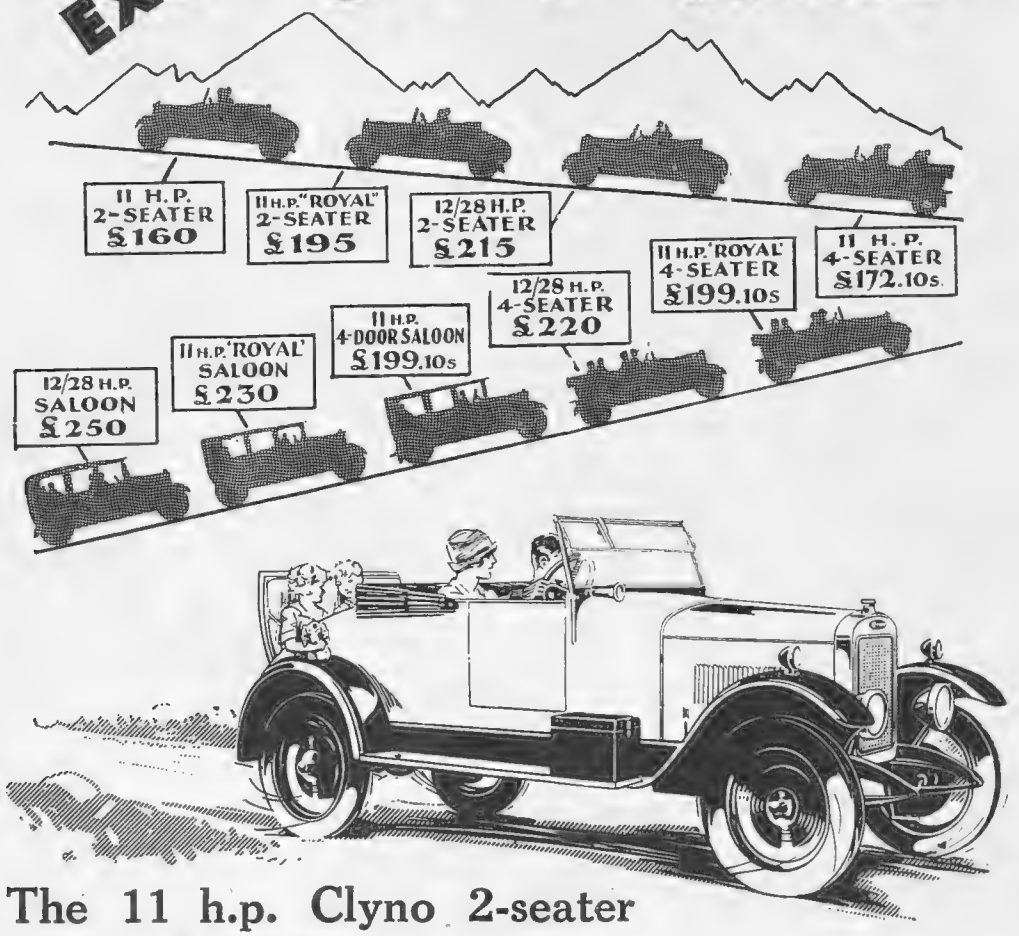

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THE "VIVAX"

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Best British Ash frame with triple gut and surgical bound shoulders. Sycamore wedge: **strung at high tension with genuine English White Gut,** blue trebling and interlacing. Perfect balance. A thoroughly reliable racket at a popular price: the result of unique experience applied to modern methods of production. Every racket carries a full season's guarantee.

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"LITTLE WONDER"

A PRACTICAL machine that will clip any variety and shape of hedge five to ten times as fast as the hand shears. It will do better work and make finer hedges with much less effort. Ten feet high hedges may be clipped right from the ground. Easily adjusted for top-cutting. Strong, durable, efficient—a perfectly made and finished labour-saving machine that saves you money every time it trims a hedge.

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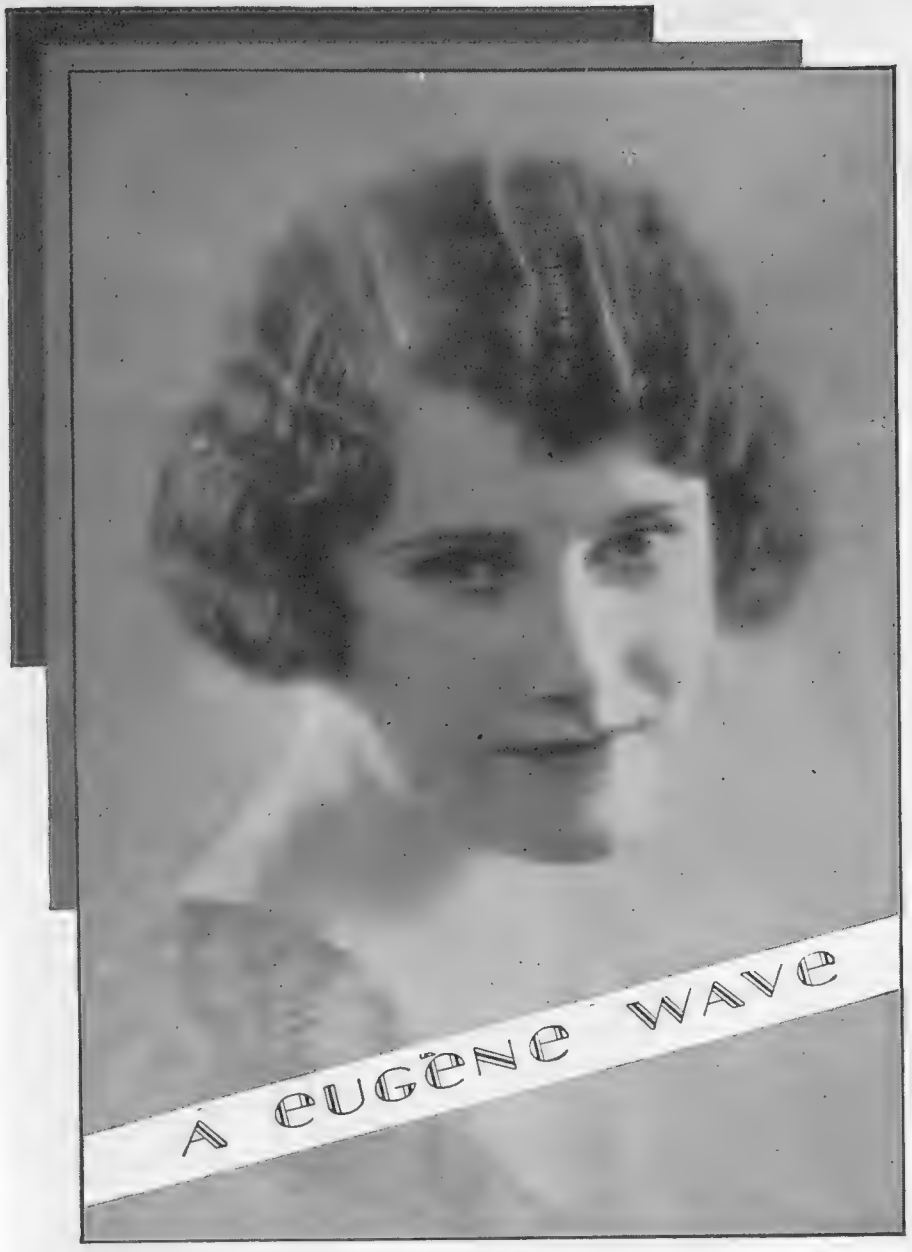

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SPECIAL BARGAIN.

JAP WASHING SILK.

A medium-weight of very good value. White only, 36 ins. wide. Usual price 5/11

Sale price, per yard

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Other prices

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A rich, heavy, bright Satin with a Crepe back, printed in a pretty Speckled design in two-tone effects in a range of about 15 different shadings. Suitable for long Coats, Costumes, Coat-Frocks, Linings, etc. 33/34ins. wide. Usual price 15/11

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EXCEPTIONAL OFFER.

ART SILK ZENANA.

This fabric of bright silky surface with soft Woolly back made by "Rodier" and dyed in same colours as the renowned "Zenana Cloky," by same maker. Shades are: Salmon, Bordeaux, Geranium, Parma, Saxe, Rose du Barri, Pervenche and Sky. 38/40 ins.

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Very limited quantity only available.

275 dozen best quality Pure Silk Hose, with Openwork Clox, Lisle Feet and Tops, the Silk reaching well over the knees.
Reduced from 12/9. **All sizes 6/11**

In Black, White and 35 fashionable colours: Beiges, Nudes, Fawns, Greys, Champagne, etc., etc.
This Stocking is smart and perfect in every detail, and we can highly recommend it for wear.

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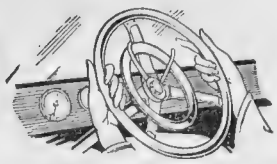

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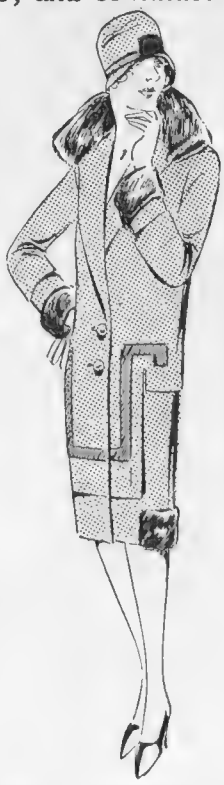

60 Fur Trimmed Model Coats in various designs and materials, of which sketch, in brown zibeline cloth, finished on collar, cuffs and flounce with fur and lined crêpe de Chine, is an example.
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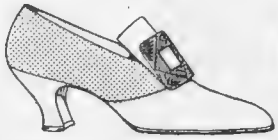

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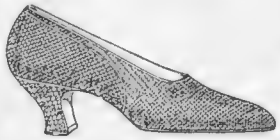

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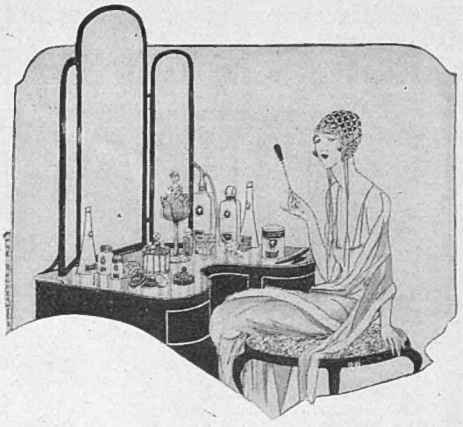

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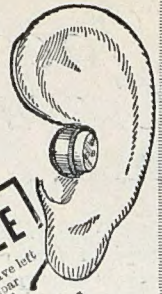

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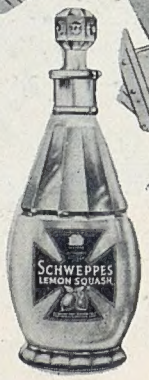

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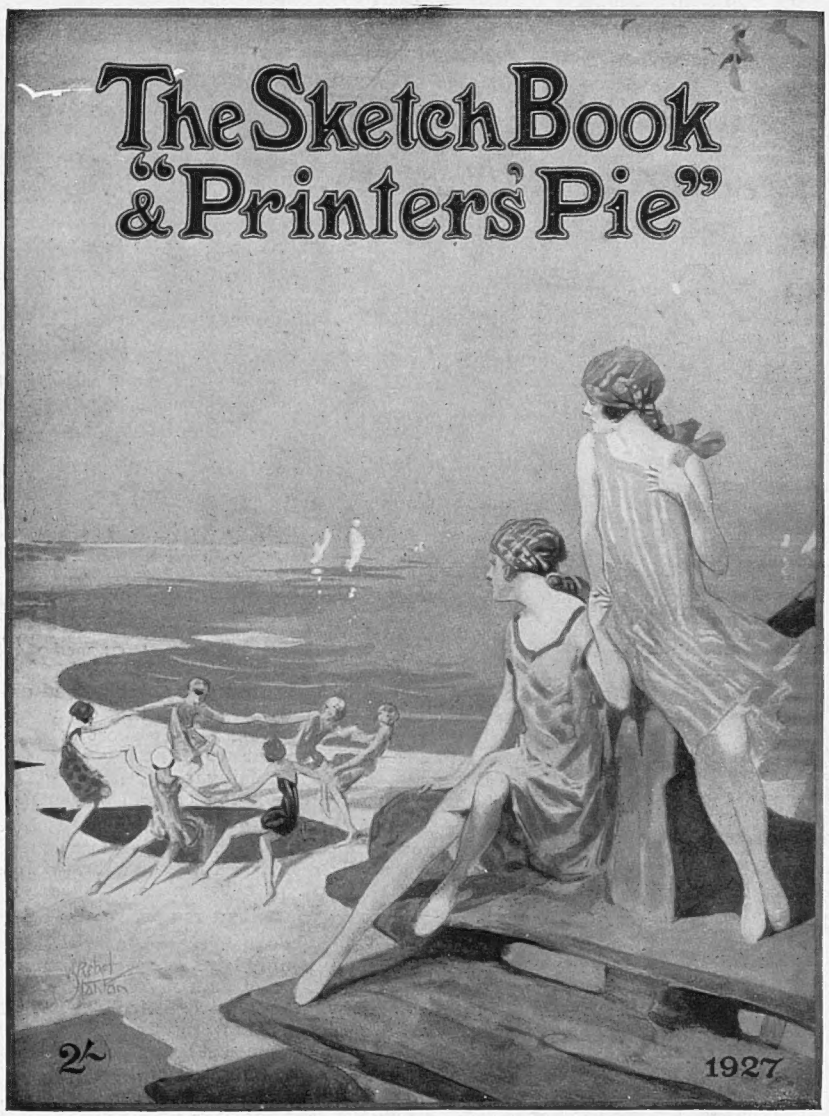

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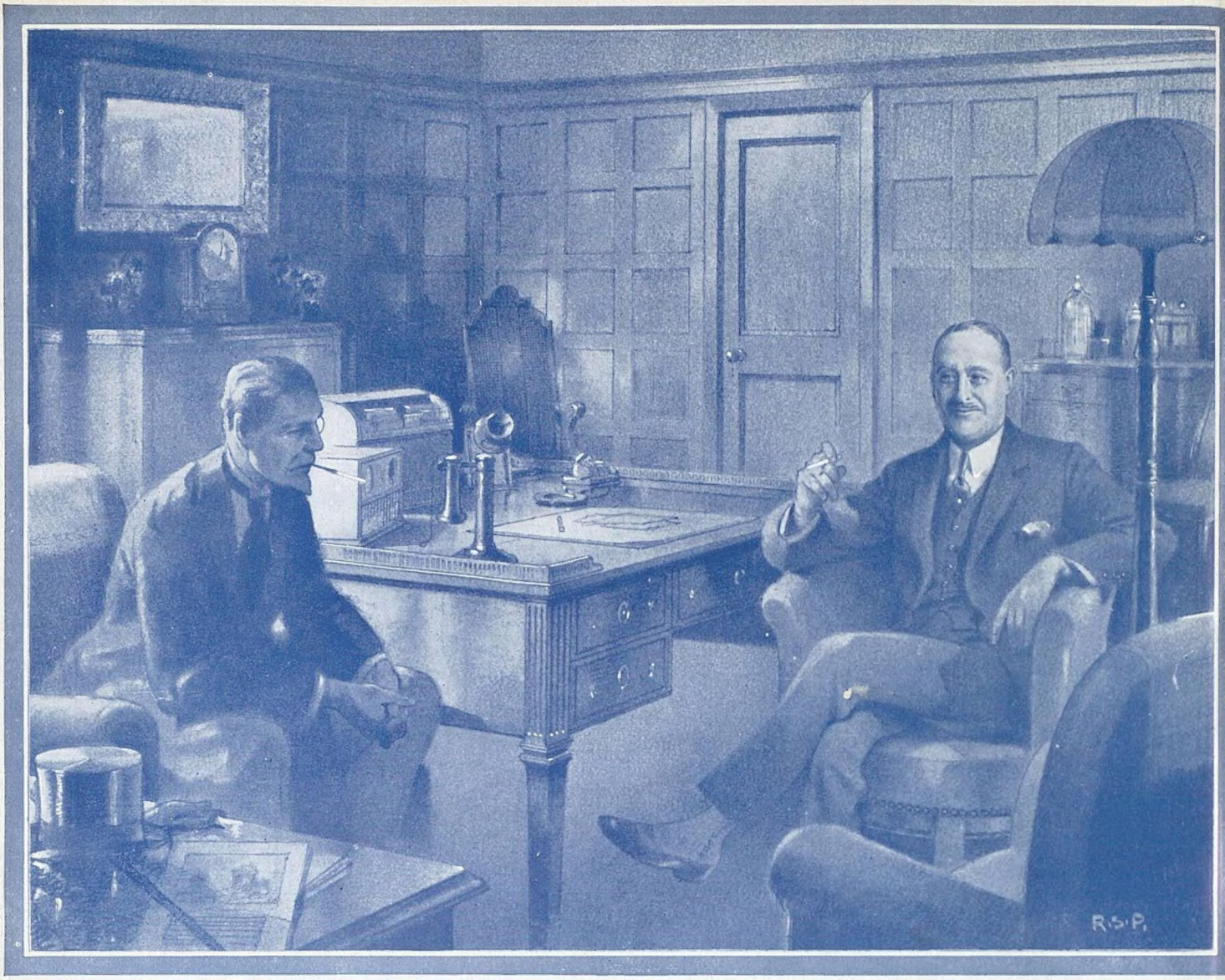

'Duggie' explains~

"Future Events."

No. 7.

Sir Edward : "Like most backers, Stuart, I am very fond of having a flutter on future events. There is a keen enjoyment in getting on a real good tip when the horse is at a long price and seeing it gradually shorten. One of my chief reasons for wishing to make a change is that my agent never seems to lay me a fair price. He always has some excuse, and I invariably find I get a few points below market price. What are your rules for this class of business ?"

Duggie : "Simple as A B C, Sir Edward. Ring me up before noon any day and I guarantee that morning's official *Sporting Life* quotation. Ring me up after noon and your commission will be executed in accordance with the official price at the afternoon's calling of the card. I never make the slightest deviation from this procedure."

Sir Edward : "But supposing your client requires to invest a large sum of money on a horse, surely you could not execute the whole commission at the same price ?"

Duggie : "I repeat, Sir Edward, I make no deviation from this rule, irrespective of the amount ; as a matter of fact, my clients are so familiar with my methods that they seldom ask me for any particular prices. They merely state the amount they wish to invest, knowing they will receive my vouchers showing their commissions carried out at the full market prices."

Sir Edward : "And with regard to doubles on future events ?"

Duggie : "These are carried out at full multiplied odds, with no deductions whatever."

Sir Edward : "So that even if I want a monkey on a horse I may rely upon getting the full market price ?"

Duggie : "Certainly, Sir Edward."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients.

Meanwhile—Write to-day and Open a Credit Account.

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

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